

From the London Review.

NAPOLEON UPON CÆSAR.

THE Emperor Napoleon has shown his usual tact and knowledge of effect in publishing the preface to his history before the history itself. He has thus given the greatest possible prominence to the leading idea of his work, and has taken the best security in his power that it shall not be lost sight of by those who subsequently follow the details of his narrative. The idea is not a new one. It is substantially the same which has lain at the root of hero-worship in all ages. It is really identical with the theory on which Mr. Carlyle has vindicated so many questionable reputations, and is constantly inviting us to repose a blind confidence in the predestined leaders and rulers of men. The biographer of Frederick the Great and the historian of Julius Cæsar agree in recognizing force, power, and success as the main objects of human adventure. To both it serves the highest duty and the best privilege of mankind, to discover and obey the demigods whom Providence raises up for their guidance and protection. Neither sets any value on the individuality of the members of the common herd, or considers their freedom a thing worth thinking of. The ideal of both is a great leader and ruler, who shall embody the tendency, and, in a rough way, the spirit, of the age, and shall organize society according to the inspirations of his genius. To society is left the humble post of accepting the yoke of its master and lord, and taking, with wax-like plasticity, the impress which he may choose to place upon it. "When Providence," says the Emperor, "raises up such men as Cæsar, Charlemagne, and Napoleon, it is to trace out to nations the path they ought to follow, to stamp a new era with the seal of their genius, and to accomplish in a few years the work of many centuries. Happy the nations who comprehend and follow them! woe to those who misunderstand and resist them! They act like the Jews,—they crucify their Messiah. They are blind and guilty—blind, for they see not the importance of their efforts to suspend the final triumph of good; guilty, for they only retard its progress by impeding its prompt and fertile application." The main argument in favour of this view

is, that the fact of a man's acquiring power proves that society was previously prepared for his sway, and in want of his guidance. Had it not been so, he would not have arisen. Having once risen, success invests him with a divine right to exact unquestioning obedience. Nor are his prerogatives limited to this. Mankind must not only obey, but worship. They must not only refrain from rebellion, but from criticism. There must thenceforth be no imputation of petty motives, of cunning devices, of selfish aims, or of trivial weaknesses. It is impiety to doubt that the hero is all heroic.

This theory makes short work of the difficulties that beset a historian who thinks that a great man is not necessarily a good man, and doubts whether one who reduces his fellows to subjection is in all cases a benefactor of his species. But, for our own part, we cannot help clinging to old notions of right and wrong. We do not believe in the Gospel of Success. We are quite ready to admit that, when a Cæsar or a Napoleon raises himself to supreme power, and finds below him willing subjects of his rule, the way must have been somehow prepared for him. If the nation was previously free, its vices must have betrayed it into servitude. The ascendancy of the tyrant does in this sense proceed from a general cause, and represents a prevailing tendency. He may then be truly called "the scourge of God." But it does not by any means follow that he is destined to lay the foundations of a better order of things; still less that it is the duty of all good men to welcome his advent, and become mere instruments in his hands. Born of corruption, of dissension, and of weakness, imperial power has more than once still further corrupted nations, and plunged them in still lower depths of weakness. There is, in truth, nothing permanent in the work of a Cæsar or a Napoleon. Instead of raising, they degrade a people; they do not breathe into it new life, but they crush out that which was previously left in it. The time of the Roman Republic had, perhaps, come when Cæsar appeared. He may not have been guilty of destroying that which had still a capacity of existence. So far we may acquit him; but we cannot acknowledge that the work which he accomplished was one of progress. So-

far as he really affected anything, he accelerated decline, and gave definite form and permanent character to the evil tendencies which were at work. The Emperor tells us that Brutus, by killing Cæsar, plunged Rome into the horrors of civil war; that he did not prevent the reign of Augustus, but that he rendered possible those of Nero and Caligula. That is, undoubtedly, a very convenient distribution of responsibility and glory. To Cæsar are credited the glorious reigns of the good, wise, and successful emperors; upon Brutus are charged such as disgrace and befool the Roman consuls. But it is obvious enough that this is wholly fallacious. The good and the evil of imperialism were equally inherent in it. It occasionally produced good and great rulers; in far more numerous instances it produced bad and feeble rulers. But under the one or the other — under Augustus or Nero, under the Antonines or under Commodus — the Romans steadily degenerated. They turned more and more away from serious things and from noble thoughts; they gave themselves up more and more to amusements and to sensual pleasures; the control of a master did not teach them to live as freemen, but reconciled them to exist as slaves. Cæsarism was at once a sign, a consequence, and a cause of the decay of a great people. Supposing that Hortensius, Cæcilius, Marcellus Lucullus, and Cato had rallied round Cæsar, as we are told they ought to have done, what could they have effected? What place was there for them at the foot of a throne? How would it have become them to serve where they had once commanded? As the senators of a free state they might do something; as the mere instruments of power they would have been nothing and could have done nothing. It is probably true that "the cause supported by such men was doomed to perish like everything else that has completed its time." But who would not rather think of them as striving against overwhelming circumstances to maintain the ancient institutions and liberties of Rome, than as becoming the willing instruments of a new tyranny? We deny that they, or those French statesmen of the present day who occupy a corresponding position, were or are an obstacle in the regular march of civilization. It is simply begging the question to assume that every stage in the world's history is necessarily a stage of progress, or that every revolution is one of a kind which patriots are called upon to help onwards.

The purpose of the Emperor in writing the life of Julius Cæsar is so thinly disguised

that we need not affect to misunderstand it. Under the mask of a biography of the great Roman, he is vindicating Napoleonism — remonstrating with its opponents — explaining the difficulties which beset its path, and labouring to impress on the world at large its irresistible power and inexorable predominance. But we cannot admit that there is any real analogy between the state of Rome at the downfall of the Republic and the state of France at the present time. It is possible that Roman society was worn out, that it contained within it no elements of renewed life, and that there was nothing before it but a prolonged though brilliant decline. Is that really true of France? Is it a fact, that the love of freedom, and the capacity for its enjoyment, are extinct in that country? Are we to understand that her moral and intellectual forces are spent? — that she can no longer govern herself, and does not even aspire to do so? — that all that remains to her is a quiet life under a beneficent despotism? We do not believe this; nor do we draw such an inference from her recent history. It is not decay but lassitude under which she suffers. It is not waning vitality, but the re-action from turbulence and strife, which leads her to rest for a time under the protecting ægis of an arbitrary Sovereign. The eminent Frenchmen who stand aloof from the Tuileries do so in the faith that their country is not dead, but only sleeping. They wait and watch for her re-awakening to a desire and a demand for liberty. "The ostracism of Napoleon by conspiring Europe has not prevented the resuscitation of the Empire" — but will the resuscitation of the Empire prevent the people of France from again demanding those rights of self-government which they formerly possessed, and which they now see enjoyed by neighbouring nations? We hope not. In the mean time the Emperor may, as he intimates, be justified in working with such tools as he can find, because the best men will not rally round his throne. But it is quite another thing to blame those who stand aloof because they will not support a power whose ascendancy they believe to be unjust and mischievous. The Liberal Opposition in France refuse to accept Napoleonism on the distinct ground that they will not lend false strength to a system which they think intrinsically weak and bad. They may be wrong in not believing that a country which prospered for eighteen years under constitutional government is unfit for any better rule than it possesses at present. But, while this is their opinion, it is idle to taunt them with reject-

ing "modern ideas, which, by moderating, they might direct." The Emperor Napoleon may desire to impose upon the world his own faith in the star of his dynasty and the permanence of its sway. But those who neither feel, nor find it expedient to affect, this political fatalism, are quite justified in treating even "the Empire" as a thing to be dealt with simply on its merits.

There are two practical deductions which we are sorry to be obliged to draw, partly from the preface, and partly from the extracts from the *Life* itself which have appeared in the columns of the *Times*. We were formerly led to believe that the Emperor regarded his present system of government as transitional; that he looked forward with pleasure to the future crowning of the edifice with liberty; and that he admitted that eventually France must and ought to return to the constitutional principle. But we gather from this work that that is not the case; but that, on the contrary, he regards the change from constitutional institutions to a despotism founded on universal suffrage as a development in political life, as a real contribution to the progress of the world and the civilization of mankind. At least, we can hardly attach any other meaning to passages like that in which he dwells upon the tendency of the democracy always to believe that its interests are more suitably represented by a single person than by a political body. This, how-

ever, mainly concerns the French. But there is something ominous for Europe in the concluding sentences of the preface. Without professing to know exactly what is meant, we cannot help feeling some alarm at hearing that we are still distant "from that solution of great questions, from the appeased passions, from the legitimate satisfaction given to nations by the first empire!" Are we to understand Napoleon III. as repeating in his own name the prediction of the captive of St. Helena—"What struggles, what bloodshed, what years, will yet be required, that the good I wished to do for mankind may be realized!" The two passages we have quoted seem at least to everybody a very intelligible and a very distinct hint, that "the empire" resuscitated has, like the empire overthrown by "conspiring Europe," a mission to fulfil in regard to foreign nations as well as to France. We do not, of course, fear renewed wars of conquest, or a forcible remodelling of the map of Europe. But it is nevertheless unpleasant to find a powerful sovereign dreaming of the "legitimate satisfaction" which his dynasty is somehow or another called upon, or gifted with power, to give to other nations. We should be much more satisfied if he would confine his solicitude to his own people. The tranquillity of the world is always in danger when there is a cosmopolitan philanthropist on the throne of France.

BEEF AT THREEPENCE A POUND.—Respecting the introduction to this country of the jerked beef of South America, steps have been taken for turning the fact to practical account. The names of the merchants comprising the commission for the introduction of the beef will be found, with much other information, in a pamphlet on the subject published by Hedderwick and Son, of Glasgow. The wholesale agents are Messrs. James Gordon and Co., 11 Orange court, Liverpool, and Messrs. Steel, of Dixon street, Glasgow. It is sent out in cases of one hundred weight. We may repeat that the "jerked" beef is prepared from the choicest parts of the animal, and, while it is not expected to supersede the use of fresh meat, it is believed that no greater boon has been lately offered to the under-fed classes of Great Britain. The following directions for cooking the beef have been published by authority of the commission: Steep the beef for three or four hours, or wash

it well in hot water. 1st. Cut it in small pieces, about an inch square; simmer it by the fire for one and a half hours, add potatoes, pepper, and onions; and again cook slowly until ready. It will then be found a very good Irish stew. 2d. Mince, in the form of mince collops; cook it slowly, and when ready mix it up with mashed potatoes. It may then be put in a dish, and browned in the oven. 3d. Cut into pieces, and, after simmering an hour and a half, add turnips, carrots, or other vegetables, such as used in a haricot. 4th. It will also make very good pea soup; and is also used in first-class hotels for giving a delightful flavor to all kinds of soup, particularly to kidney and other similar classes. In short, a good housewife will find a hundred ways of making it available and agreeable. 5th. It can be used as mince collops, without potatoes; and a fitch is sometimes taken, rolled up and spiced in the form of a beef ham, which must be cooked slowly.

CHAPTER V. PART II.

MISS MARJORIBANKS did not leave the contralto any time to recover from her surprise; she went up to her direct where she stood, with her song arrested on her lips, as she had risen hastily from the piano. "Is it Rose?" said Lucilla, going forward with the most eager cordiality, and holding out both her hands; though, to be sure, she knew very well it was not Rose, who was about half the height of the singer, and was known to everybody in Mount Pleasant to be utterly innocent of a voice.

"No," said Miss Lake, who was much astonished and startled and offended, as was unfortunately rather her custom. She was a young woman without any of those instincts of politeness which make some people pleasant in spite of themselves; and she added nothing to soften this abrupt negative, but drew her hands away from the stranger, and stood bolt upright, looking at her, with a burning blush, caused by temper much more than by embarrassment, on her face.

"Then," said Lucilla, dropping lightly into the most comfortable chair she could get sight of in the bare little parlor, "it is Barbara,—and that is a great deal better. Rose is a good little thing, but—she is different, you know. It is so odd you should not remember me; I thought everybody knew me in Carlingford. You know I have been a long time away, and now I have come home for good. Your voice is just the very thing to go with mine: was it not a lucky thing that I should have passed just at the right moment? I don't know how it is, but somehow these lucky chances *always* happen to me. I am Lucilla Marjoribanks, you know."

"Indeed!" said Barbara, who had not the least intention of being civil, "I did not recognize you in the least."

"Yes, I remember you were always short-sighted a little," said Miss Marjoribanks, calmly. "I should so like if we could try a duet. I have been having lessons in Italy, you know, and I am sure I could give you a few hints. I always like, when I can, to be of use. Tell me what songs you have that we could sing together. You know, my dear, it is not as if I was asking you for mere amusement to myself; my grand object in life is to be a comfort to papa"—

"Do you mean Dr. Marjoribanks?" said the uncivil Barbara. "I am sure he does not care in the least for music. I think you must be making a mistake"—

"Oh, no," said Lucilla, "I never make mistakes. I don't mean to sing to him, you

know; but you are just the very person I wanted. As for the ridiculous idea some people have that nobody can be called on who does not live in Grange Lane, I assure you I mean to make an end of that. Of course I cannot commence just all in a moment. But it would always be an advantage to practise a little together. I like to know exactly how far one can calculate upon everybody; then one can tell, without fear of breaking down, just what one may venture to do."

"I don't understand in the least," said Barbara, whose pride was up in arms. "Perhaps you think I am a professional singer?"

"My dear, a professional singer spoils everything," said Miss Marjoribanks; "it changes the character of an evening altogether. There are so few people who understand that! When you have professional singers, you have to give yourself up to music; and that is not my view in the least. My great aim, as all my friends are aware, is to be a comfort to dear papa."

"I wish you would not talk in riddles," said Lucilla's amazed and indignant companion, in her round rich contralto. "I suppose you really are Miss Marjoribanks. I have always heard that Miss Marjoribanks was a little"—

"There!" said Lucilla, triumphantly; "really it is almost like a recitativo to hear you speak. I am so glad." What have you got there? Oh, to be sure, it's *that* duet out of the *Trovatore*. Do let us try it; there is nobody here, and everything is so convenient—and you know it would never do to risk a breakdown. Will you play the accompaniment, or shall I?" said Miss Marjoribanks, taking off her gloves. As for the drawing-master's daughter, she stood aghast, lost in such sudden bewilderment and perplexity that she could find no words to reply. She was not in the least amiable or yielding by nature; but Lucilla took it so much as a matter of course, that Barbara could not find a word to say; and before she could be sure that it was real, Miss Marjoribanks had seated herself at the piano. Barbara was so obstinate that she would not sing the first part, which ought to have been hers; but she was not clever enough for her antagonist. Lucilla sang her part by herself gallantly; and when it came to Barbara's turn the second time, Miss Marjoribanks essayed the second in a false voice, which drove the contralto off her guard; and then the magnificent volume of sound flowed forth, grand enough to have filled Lucilla with envy if she had not been sustained by that sublime confidence in herself which is

the first necessity to a woman with a mission. She paused a moment in the accompaniment to clap her hands after that strophe was accomplished, and then resumed with energy. For, to be sure, she knew by instinct what sort of clay the people were made of by whom she had to work, and gave them their reward with that liberality and discrimination which is the glory of enlightened despotism. Miss Marjoribanks was naturally elated when she had performed this important and successful *tour*. She got up from the piano, and closed it in her open, imperial way. "I do not want to tire you, you know," she said; "that will do for today. I told you your voice was the very thing to go with mine. Give my love to Rose when she comes in, but don't bring her with you when you come to me. She is a good little thing—but then she is different, you know," said the bland Lucilla; and she held out her hand to her captive, graciously, and gathered up her parasol, which she had left on her chair. Barbara Lake let her visitor go after this with a sense that she had fallen asleep, and had dreamt it all; but, after all, there was something in the visit which was not disagreeable when she came to think it over. The drawing-master was poor, and he had a quantity of children, as was natural, and Barbara had never forgiven her mother for dying just at the moment when she had the chance of seeing a little of what she called the world. At that time Mr. Lake and his portfolio of drawings were asked out frequently to tea; and when he had pupils in the family, some kind people asked him to bring one of his daughters with him,—so that Barbara, who was ambitious, had beheld herself for a month or two almost on the threshold of Grange Lane. And it was at this moment of all others, just at the same time as Mrs. Marjoribanks finished her pale career, that poor Mrs. Lake thought fit to die, to the injury of her daughter's prospects and the destruction of her hopes. Naturally, Barbara had never quite forgiven that injury. It was this sense of having been ill-used which made her so resolute about sending Rose to Mount Pleasant, though the poor little girl did not in the least want to go, and was very happy, helping her papa at the School of Design. But Barbara saw no reason why Rose should be happy, while she herself had to resign her inclinations, and look after a set of odious children. To be sure, it was a little hard upon a young woman of a proper ambition, who knew she was handsome, to fall back into housekeeping, and consent to remain unseen and unheard; for Barbara was

also aware that she had a remarkable voice. In these circumstances it may be imagined that, after the first movement of a passionate temper was over, when she had taken breath, and had time to consider this sudden and extraordinary visit, a glimmer of hope and interest penetrated into the bosom of the gloomy girl. She was two years older than Miss Marjoribanks, and as different in "style" as she was in voice. She was not stout as yet, though it is the nature of a contralto to be stout; but she was tall, with all due opportunity for that development which might come later. And then Barbara possessed a kind of beauty, the beauty of a passionate and somewhat sullen brunette, dark and glowing, with straight black eyebrows, very dark and very straight, which gave, oddly enough, a suggestion of oblique vision to her eyes; but her eyes were not in the least oblique, and looked at you straight from under that black line of shadow with no doubtful expression. She was shy in a kind of way, as was natural to a young woman who had never seen any society, and felt herself, on the whole, injured and unappreciated. But no two things could be more different than this shyness which made Barbara look you straight in the face with a kind of scared defiance, and the sweet shyness that pleaded for kind treatment in the soft eyes of little Rose, who was plain, and had the oddest longing to make people comfortable, and please them in her way, which to be sure, was not always successful. Barbara sat down on the stool before the piano, which Miss Marjoribanks had been so obliging as to close, and thought it all over with growing excitement. No doubt it was a little puzzling to make out how the discovery of a fine contralto, and the possibility of getting up unlimited duets, could further Lucilla in the great aim of her life, which was to be a comfort to her dear papa. But Barbara was like a young soldier of fortune, ready to take a great deal for granted, and to swallow much that was mysterious in the programme of the adventurous general who might lead her on to glory. In half an hour her dreams had gone so far that she saw herself receiving in Miss Marjoribanks' drawing-room the homage not of only Grange Lane, but even of the county families who would be attracted by rumours of her wonderful performance; and Barbara was, to her own consciousness, walking up the middle aisle of Carlingford Church in a veil of real Brussels, before little Mr. Lake came in, hungry and good-tempered, from his round. To be sure, she had not concluded who was to be the bridegroom; but that was one of those matters

of detail which could not be precisely concluded on till the time.

Such was the immediate result, so far as this secondary personage was concerned, of Lucilla's masterly impromptu; and it is needless to say that the accomplished warrior, who had her wits always about her, and had made, while engaged in a simple reconnaissance, so brilliant and successful a capture, withdrew from the scene still more entirely satisfied with herself. Nothing, indeed, could have come more opportunely for Lucilla, who possessed in perfection that faculty of throwing herself into the future, and anticipating the difficulties of a position, which is so valuable to all who aspire to be leaders of mankind. With a prudence which Dr. Marjoribanks himself would have acknowledged to be remarkable "in a person of her age and sex," Lucilla had already foreseen that to amuse her guests entirely in her own person would be at once impracticable and "bad style." The first objection might have been got over, for Miss Marjoribanks had a soul above the ordinary limits of possibility, but the second was unanswerable. This discovery, however, satisfied all the necessities of the position. Lucilla, who was liberal, as genius ought always to be, was perfectly willing that all the young ladies in Carlingford should sing their little songs while she was entertaining her guests; and then, at the right moment, when her ruling mind saw it was necessary, would occur the duet—the one duet which would be the great feature of the evening. Thus it will be seen that another quality of the highest order developed itself during Miss Marjoribanks' deliberations; for, to tell the truth, she set a good deal of store by her voice, and had been used to applause, and had tasted the sweetness of individual success. This, however, she was willing to sacrifice for the enhanced and magnificent effect which she felt could be produced by the combination of the two voices; and the sacrifice was one which a weaker woman would have been incapable of making. She went home past Salem Chapel by the little lane which makes a line of communication between the end of Grove Street and the beginning of Grange Lane, with a sentiment of satisfaction worthy the greatness of her mission. Dr. Marjoribanks never came home to lunch, and indeed had a contempt for that feminine indulgence; which, to be sure, might be accounted for by the fact, that about that time in the day the Doctor very often found himself to be passing close by one or other of the houses in the neighborhood which had a reputation for good

sherry or madeira, such as exists no more. Lucilla, accordingly, had her lunch alone, served to her with respectful care by Nancy, who was still under the impression of the interview of the morning; and it occurred to Miss Marjoribanks, as she sat at table alone, that this was an opportunity too valuable to be left unimproved; for, to be sure, there are few things more pleasant than a little impromptu luncheon-party, where everybody comes without being expected, fresh from the outside world, and ready to tell all that is going on; though, on the other hand, it was a little doubtful how it might work in Carlingford, where the men had generally something to do, and where the married ladies took their luncheon when the children had their dinner, and presided at the nursery meal. And as for a party of young ladies, even supposing they had the courage to come, with no more solid admixture of the more important members of society, Lucilla, to tell the truth, had no particular taste for that. Miss Marjoribanks reflected as she ate—and indeed, thanks to her perfect health and her agreeable morning walk, Lucilla had a very pretty appetite, and enjoyed her meal in a way that would have been most satisfactory to her many friends—that it must be by way of making his visit, which was aggravating under all circumstances, more aggravating still, that Tom Marjoribanks had decided to come now, of all times in the world. "If he had waited till things were organized, he might have been of a little use," Lucilla said to herself; "for at least he could have brought some of the men that come on circuit, and that would have made a little novelty; but, of course, just now, it would never do to make a rush at people, and invite them all at once." After a moment's consideration, however, Miss Marjoribanks, with her usual candour, reflected that it was not in Tom Marjoribanks' power to change the time of the Carlingford assizes, and that accordingly he was not to be blamed in this particular, at least. "Of course it is not his fault," she added, to herself, "but it is astonishing how things happen with some men always at the wrong moment; and it is so like Tom." These reflections were interrupted by the arrival of visitors, whom Miss Marjoribanks received with her usual grace. The first was old Mrs. Chiley, who kissed Lucilla, and wanted to know how she had enjoyed herself on the Continent, and if she had brought many pretty things home. "My dear, you have grown ever so much since the last time I saw you," the old lady said in her grandmotherly way, "and stout with it,

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which is such a comfort with a tall girl; and then your poor dear mamma was so delicate. I have always been a little anxious about you on that account, Lucilla; and I am so glad, my dear, to see you looking so strong."

"Dear Mrs. Chiley," said Miss Marjoribanks, who perhaps in her heart was not quite so gratified by this compliment as the old lady intended, "the great aim of my life is to be a comfort to dear papa."

Mrs. Chiley was very much moved by this filial piety, and she told Lucilla that story about the Colonel's niece Susan, who was such a good daughter, and had refused three excellent offers, to devote herself to her father and mother, with which the public in Grange Lane were tolerably acquainted. "And one of them was a baronet, my dear," said Mrs. Chiley. Miss Marjoribanks did not make any decided response, for she felt that it would be dangerous to commit herself to such a height of self-abnegation as that; but the old lady was quite pleased to hear of her travels and adventures instead; and stayed so long that Mrs. Centum and Mrs. Woodburn, who happened to arrive at the same moment, found her still there. Mrs. Chiley was a little afraid of Mrs. Woodburn, and she took her leave hastily, with another kiss; and Lucilla found herself face to face with the only two women who could attempt a rival enterprise to her own in Carlingford. As for Mrs. Woodburn, she had settled herself in an easy-chair by the fire, and was fully prepared to take notes. To be sure, Lucilla was the very person to fall victim to her arts; for that confidence in herself which, in one point of view, gave grandeur to the character of Miss Marjoribanks, gave her also a certain *naïveté* and openness which the most simple rustic could not have surpassed.

"I am sure by her face she has been telling you about my niece Susan," said the mimic, assuming Mrs. Chiley's tone, and almost her appearance, for the moment, "and that one of them was a baronet, my dear. I always know from her looks what she has been saying; and 'the Colonel was much as usual, but suffering a little from the cold, as he always does in this climate.' She must be a good soul, for she always has her favourite little speeches written in her face."

"I am sure I don't know," said Miss Marjoribanks, who felt it was her duty to make an example; "there has always been one thing remarked of me all my life, that I never have had a great sense of humour.

I know it is singular, but when one has a defect, it is always so much better to confess it. I always get on very well with anything else, but I never had any sense of humour, you know; and I am very fond of Mrs. Chiley. She has always had a fancy for me from the time I was born; and she has such nice manners. But then, it is so odd I should have no sense of humour," said Lucilla, addressing herself to Mrs. Centum, who was sitting on the sofa by her. "Don't you think it is very odd?"

"I am sure it is very nice," said Mrs. Centum. "I hate people that laugh at everything. I don't see much to laugh at myself, I am sure, in this distracting world; any one who has a lot of children and servants like me to look after finds very little to laugh at." And she seized the opportunity to enter upon domestic circumstances. Mrs. Woodburn did not answer a word. She made a most dashing murderous sketch of Lucilla, but that did the future ruler of Carlingford very little harm; and then, by the evening, it was known through all Grange Lane that Miss Marjoribanks had snubbed the caricaturist who kept all the good people in terror of their lives. Snubbed her absolutely, and took the words out of her very mouth, was the report that flew through Grange Lane; and it may be imagined how Lucilla's prestige rose in consequence, and how much people began to expect of Miss Marjoribanks, who had performed such a feat almost on the first day of her return home.

CHAPTER VI.

Tom Marjoribanks arrived that night, according to the Doctor's expectation. He arrived, with that curious want of adaptation to the circumstances which characterized the young man, at an hour which put Nancy entirely out, and upset the equanimity of the kitchen for twenty-four hours at least. He came, if any one can conceive of such an instance of carelessness, by the nine o'clock train, just as they had finished putting to rights down-stairs. After this, Miss Marjoribanks' conclusion, that the fact of the Carlingford assizes occurring a day or two after her arrival, when as yet she was not fully prepared to take advantage of them, was so like Tom, may be partially understood. And of course he was furiously hungry, and could have managed perfectly to be in time for dinner if he had not missed the train at Didcot Junction, by some wonderful blunder of the railway people, which never could have

occurred but for his unlucky presence among the passengers. Lucilla took Thomas apart, and sent him down-stairs with the most conciliatory message. "Tell Nancy not to put herself about, but to send up something cold—the cold pie, or anything she can find handy. Tell her I am so vexed, but it is just like Mr. Tom; and he never knows what he is eating," said Miss Marjoribanks. As for Nancy, this sweetness did not subdue her in the least. She said, "I'll thank Miss Lucilla to mind her own business. The cold pie's for master's breakfast. I ain't such a goose as not to know what to send up-stairs, and that Tummas can tell her, if he likes." In the mean time the Doctor was in the drawing-room, much against his will, with the two young people, spinning about the room, and looking at Lucilla's books and knick-knacks on the tables by way of covering his impatience. He wanted to carry off Tom, who was rather a favourite, to his own den down-stairs, where the young man's supper was to be served; but, at the same time, Dr. Marjoribanks could not deny that Lucilla had a right to the greetings and homage of her cousin. He could not help thinking, on the whole, as he looked at the two, what a much more sensible arrangement it would have been if he had had the boy, instead of his sister, who had been a widow for ever so long, and no doubt had spoiled her son, as women always do; and then Lucilla might have passed under the sway of Mrs. Marjoribanks, who no doubt would have known how to manage her. Thus the Doctor mused, with that sense of mild amazement at the blunders of Providence, which so many people experience, and without any idea that Mrs. Marjoribanks would have found a task a great deal beyond her powers in the management of Lucilla. As for Tom, he was horribly hungry, having found, as was to be expected, no possible means of lunching at Didcot; but, at the same time, he was exhilarated by Lucilla's smile, and delighted to think of having a week at least to spend in her society. "I don't think I ever saw you looking so well," he was saying; "and you know my opinion generally on that subject." To which Lucilla responded in a way to wither all the germs of sentiment in the bud.

"What subject?" she said; "my looks? I am sure they can't be interesting to you. You are as hungry as ever you can be, and I can see it in your eyes. Papa, he is famishing, and I don't think he can contain himself any longer. Do take him

down-stairs, and let him have something to eat. For myself," Lucilla continued, in a lower tone, "it is my duty that keeps me up. You know it has always been the object of my life to be a comfort to papa."

"Come along, Tom," said the Doctor. "Don't waste your time philandering when your supper is ready." And Dr. Marjoribanks led the way down-stairs, leaving Tom, who followed him, in a state of great curiosity to know what secret oppression it might be under which his cousin was supported by her duty. Naturally his thoughts reverted to a possible rival,—some one whom the sensible Doctor would have nothing to say to; and his very ears grew red with excitement at this idea. But, notwithstanding, he ate a very satisfactory meal in the library, where he had to answer all sorts of questions. Tom had his tray at the end of the table, and the Doctor, who had, according to his hospitable old-fashioned habit, taken a glass of claret to "keep him company," sat in his easy-chair between the fire and the table, and sipped his wine, and admired its colour and purity in the light, and watched with satisfaction the excellent meal his nephew was making. He asked him all about his prospects, and what he was doing, which Tom replied to with the frankest confidence. He was not very fond of work, nor were his abilities anything out of the common; but at the present moment Tom saw no reason why he should not gain the Wool-sack in time; and Dr. Marjoribanks gave something like a sigh as he listened, and wondered much what Providence could be thinking of not to give him the boy.

Lucilla meantime was very much occupied up-stairs. She had the new house-maid up, nominally to give her instructions about Mr. Tom's room, but really to take the covers off the chairs, and see how they looked when the room was lighted up; but the progress of decay had gone too far to stand that trial. After all, the chintz, though none of the freshest, was the best. When the gentlemen came up-stairs, which Tom, to the Doctor's disgust, insisted on doing, Lucilla was found in the act of pacing the room—pacing, not in the sentimental sense of making a little promenade up and down, but in the homely practical signification, with a view of measuring, that she might form an idea how much carpet was required. Lucilla was tall enough to go through this process without any great drawback in point of grace—the long step giving rather a tragedy-queen effect to her handsome but substantial person and long,

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sweeping dress. She stopped short, however, when she saw them, and withdrew to the sofa, on which she had established her throne; and there was a little air of conscious pathos on her face as she sat down, which impressed her companions. As for Tom, he instinctively felt that it must have something to do with that mystery under which Lucilla was supported by her duty; and the irrelevant young man conceived immediately a violent desire to knock the fellow down; whereas there was no fellow at all in the case, unless it might be Mr. Holden, the upholsterer, whose visits Miss Marjoribanks would have received with greater enthusiasm at this moment than those of the most eligible eldest son in England. And then she gave a little pathetic sigh.

"What were you doing, Lucilla?" said her father, — "rehearsing Lady Macbeth, I suppose. At least you looked exactly like it when we came into the room."

"No, papa," said Lucilla, sweetly; "I was only measuring to see how much carpet we should want; and that, you know, and Tom's coming, made me think of old times. You are so much down-stairs in the library that you don't feel it; but a lady has to spend her life in the drawing-room—and then I always was so domestic. It does not matter what is outside, I always find my pleasure at home. I cannot help if it has a little effect on my spirits now and then," said Miss Marjoribanks, looking down upon her handkerchief, "to be always surrounded with things that have such associations"—

"What associations?" said the amazed Doctor. To be sure, he had not forgotten his wife; but it was four years ago, and he had got used to her absence from her favorite sofa; and, on the whole, in that particular, had acquiesced in the arrangements of Providence. "Really, Lucilla, I don't know what you mean."

"No, papa," said Miss Marjoribanks, with resignation. "I know you don't, and that is what makes it so sad. But talking of new carpets, you know, I had such an adventure to-day that I must tell you—quite one of my adventures—the very luckiest thing. It happened when I was out walking; I heard a voice out of a house in Grove Street, just the *very* thing to go with my voice. That is not a thing that happens every day," said Lucilla, "for all the masters have always told me that my voice was something quite by itself. When I heard it, though it was in Grove Street, and all the people about, I could have danced for joy."

"It was a man's voice, I suppose," suggested Tom Marjoribanks, in gloomy tones; and the Doctor added, in his cynical way, —

"It's a wonderful advantage to be so pleased about trifles. What number was it? For my part, I have not many patients in Grove Street," said Dr. Marjoribanks. "I would find a voice to suit you in another quarter if I were you."

"Dear papa, it's such a pity that you don't understand," said Lucilla, compassionately. "It turned out to be Barbara Lake; for, of course, I went in directly, and found out. I never heard a voice that went so well with mine." If Miss Marjoribanks did not go into raptures over the contralto on its own merits, it was not from any jealousy, of which, indeed, she was incapable, but simply because its adaptation to her own seemed to her by far its most interesting quality, and indeed almost the sole claim it had to consideration from the world.

"Barbara Lake?" said the Doctor. "There's something in that. If you can do her any good, or get her teaching or anything—I have a regard for poor Lake, poor little fellow! He's kept up wonderfully since his wife died; and nobody expected it of him," Dr. Marjoribanks continued, with a momentary dreary recollection of the time when the poor woman took farewell, of her children, which indeed was the next day after that on which his own wife, who had nobody in particular to take farewell of had faded out of her useless life.

"Yes," said Lucilla, "I mean her to come here and sing with me; but, then, one needs to organize a little first. I am nineteen—how long is it since you were married, papa?"

"Two-and-twenty years," said the Doctor, abruptly. He did not observe the strangeness of the question, because he had been thinking for the moment of his wife, and perhaps his face was a trifle graver than usual, though neither of his young companions thought of remarking upon it. To be sure, he was not a young man even when he married; but, on the whole, perhaps something more than this perfect comfort and respectability, and those nice little dinners, had seemed to shine on his horizon when he brought home his incapable bride.

"Two-and-twenty years!" exclaimed Lucilla. "I don't mind talking before Tom, for he is one of the family. The things are all the same as they were when mamma came home, though, I am sure, nobody would believe it. I think it is going against Providence, for my part. Nothing was ever in-

tended to last so long, except the things the Jews, poor souls! wore in the desert, perhaps. Papa, if you have no objection, I should like to choose the colours myself. There is a great deal in choosing colours that go well with one's complexion. People think of that for their dresses, but not for their rooms, which are of so much more importance. I should have liked blue, but blue gets so soon tawdry. I think," said Miss Marjoribanks, rising and looking at herself seriously in the glass, "that I have enough complexion at present to venture upon a pale spring green."

This little calculation, which a timid young woman would have taken care to do by herself, Lucilla did publicly with her usual discrimination. The Doctor, who had looked a little grim at first, could not but laugh when he saw the sober look of care and thought with which Miss Marjoribanks examined her capabilities in the glass. It was not so much the action itself that amused her father, as the consummate ability of the young revolutionary. Dr. Marjoribanks was Scotch, and had a respect for "talent" in every development, as is natural to his nation. He did not even give his daughter the credit for sincerity which she deserved, but set it all to the score of her genius, which was complimentary, certainly, in one point of view; but the fact was that Lucilla was perfectly sincere, and that she did what was natural to her under guidance of her genius, so as always to be in good fortune, just as Tom Marjoribanks, under the guidance of his, brought discredit even upon those eternal ordinances of English government which fixed the time of the Carlingford assizes. Lucilla was quite in earnest in thinking that the colour of the drawing-room was an important matter, and that a woman of sense had very good reason for suiting it to her complexion, — an idea which accordingly she proceeded to develop and explain.

"For one can change one's dress," said Miss Marjoribanks, "as often as one likes, — at least as often, you know, as one has dresses to change; but the furniture remains the same. I am always a perfect guy, whatever I wear, when I sit against a red curtain. You men say that a woman always knows when she's good-looking, but I am happy to say I know when I look a guy. What I mean is a delicate pale-green papa. For my part, I think it wears just as well as any other colour; and all the painters say it is the very thing for pictures. The carpet, of course, would be a darker shade; and, as for the chairs, it is not at

all necessary to keep to one colour. Both red and violet go beautifully with green, you know. I am sure Mr. Holden and I could settle all about it without giving you any trouble."

"Who told you, Lucilla," said the Doctor, "that I meant to refurnish the house?" He was even a little angry at her boldness, but at the same time he was so much amused and pleased in his heart to have so clever a daughter, that all the tones that could produce terror were softened out of his voice. "I never heard that was a sort of thing that a man had to do for his daughter," said Dr. Marjoribanks; "and I would like to know what I should do with all that finery when you get married — as I suppose you will by-and-by — and leave me alone in the house?"

"Ah, that is the important question," said Tom. As usual, it was Tom's luck; but then, when there did happen to be a moment when he ought to be silent, the unfortunate fellow could not help but speak.

"Perhaps I may marry some time," said Miss Marjoribanks, with composure; "it would be foolish, you know, to make any engagements; but that will depend greatly upon how you behave, and how Carlingford behaves, papa. I give myself ten years here, if you should be very good. By twenty-nine I shall be going off a little, and perhaps it may be tiring, for anything I can tell. Ten years is a long time, and naturally in the mean time, I want to look as well as possible. Stop a minute; I forgot to put down the number of paces for the length. Tom please to do it over again for me; of course, your steps are a great deal longer than mine."

"Tom is tired," said the Doctor; "and there are no new carpets coming out of my pockets. Besides, he's going to bed, and I'm going down-stairs to the library. We may as well bid you good-night."

These words, however, were addressed to deaf ears. Tom, as was natural, had started immediately to obey Lucilla, as he was in duty bound; and the old Doctor looked on with a little amazement and a little amusement, recognising, with something of the surprise which that discovery always gives to fathers and mothers, that his visitor cared twenty times more for what Lucilla said than for anything that his superior wisdom could suggest. He would have gone off and left them as a couple of young fools, if it had not occurred to him all at once, that since this sort of thing had begun, the last person in the world that he would choose to see dancing attendance on his daughter was

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Tom Marjoribanks. Oddly enough, though he had just been finding fault with Providence for not giving him a son instead of a daughter, he was not at all delighted nor grateful when Providence put before him this simple method of providing himself with the son he wanted. He took a great deal too much interest in Tom Marjoribanks to let him do anything so foolish; and as for Lucilla, the idea that, after all her accomplishments, and her expensive education, and her year on the Continent, she should marry a man who had nothing, disgusted the Doctor. He kept his seat accordingly, though he was horribly bored by the drawing-room and its claims, and wanted very much to return to the library, and get into his slippers and his dressing-gown. It was rather a pretty picture, on the whole, which he was regarding. Lucilla, perhaps with a view to this discussion, had put on green ribbons on the white dress which she always wore in the evening, and her tawny curls and fresh complexion carried off triumphantly that difficult colour. Perhaps a critical observer might have said that her figure was a little too developed and substantial for those vestal robes; but then Miss Marjoribanks was young, and could bear it. She was standing by, not far from the fire, on the other side from the Doctor, looking on anxiously, while Tom measured the room with his long steps. "I never said you were to stride," said Lucilla; "take moderate steps, and don't be so silly. I was doing it myself famously if you had not come in and interrupted me. It is frightful to belong to a family where the men are so stupid," said Miss Marjoribanks, with a sigh of real distress; for, to be sure, the unlucky Tom immediately bethought himself to take small steps like those of a lady, which all but threw him on his well-formed though meaningless nose. Lucilla, shook her head with an exasperated look, and contracted her lips with disdain, as he passed her on his ill-omened career. Of course he came right up against the little table on which she had with her own hand arranged a bouquet of geraniums and mignonette. "It is what he always does," she said to the Doctor, calmly, as Tom arrived at that climax of his fate; and the look with which she accompanied these words, as she rang the bell smartly and promptly, mollified the Doctor's heart.

"I can tell you the size of the room, if that is all you want," said Dr. Marjoribanks. "I suppose you mean to give parties, and drive me out of my senses with dancing and singing. — No, Lucilla, you must wait till

you get married, — that will never do for me."

"Dear papa," said Lucilla, sweetly, "it is so dreadful to hear you say *parties*. Everybody knows that the only thing I care for in life is to be a comfort to you; and as for dancing, I saw at once that was out of the question. Dancing is all very well," said Miss Marjoribanks thoughtfully; "but it implies quantities of young people — and young people can never make what I call society. It is *Evenings* I mean to have, papa. I am sure you want to go downstairs, and I suppose Tom would think it civil to sit with me, though he is tired; so I will show you a good example, and Thomas can pick up the table and the flowers at his leisure. Good-night, papa," said Lucilla, giving him her round fresh cheek to kiss. She went out of the room with a certain triumph, feeling that she had fully signified her intentions, which is always an important matter; and shook hands in a condescending way with Tom, who had broken his shins in a headlong rush to open the door. She looked at him with an expression of mild despair, and shook her head again as she accorded him that sign of amity. "If you only would look a little where you are going," said Miss Marjoribanks; — perhaps she meant the words to convey an allegorical as well as a positive meaning, as so many people have been found out to do — and then she pursued her peaceful way up-stairs. As for the Doctor he went off to his library rubbing his hands, glad to be released, and laughing softly at his nephew's abashed looks. "She knows how to put *him* down at least," the Doctor said to himself, well-pleased; and he was so much amused by his daughter's superiority to the vulgar festivity of parties, that he almost gave in to the idea of refurnishing the drawing-room to suit Lucilla's complexion. He rubbed his hands once more over the fire, and indulged in a little laugh all by himself over that original idea. "So it is *Evenings* she means to have!" said the Doctor; and, to be sure, nothing could be more faded than the curtains, and there were bits of the carpet in which the pattern was scarcely discernible. So that, on the whole, up to this point there seemed to be a reasonable prospect that Lucilla would have every thing her own way.

CHAPTER VII.

Miss Marjoribanks had so many things to think of next morning that she found her cousin, who was rather difficult to get rid of,

much in her way: naturally the young man was briefless, and came on circuit for the name of the thing, and was quite disposed to dawdle the first morning, and attach himself to the active footsteps of Lucilla; and for her part, she had things to occupy her so very much more important. For one thing, one of Dr. Marjoribanks' little dinner-parties was to take place that evening, which would be the first under the new *régime*, and was naturally a matter of some anxiety to all parties. "I shall go down and ask Mrs. Chiley to come with the Colonel," said Lucilla. "I have always meant to do that. We can't have a full dinner-party, you know, as long as the house is so shabby; but I am sure Mrs. Chiley will come to take care of me."

"To take care of you!—in your father's house! Do you think they'll bite?" said the Doctor, grimly; but as for Lucilla, she was quite prepared for that.

"I must have a chaperone, you know," she said. "I don't say it is not quite absurd; but then, at first, I always make it a point to give in to the prejudices of society. That is how I have always been so successful," said the experienced Lucilla. "I never went in the face of anybody's prejudices. Afterwards, you know, when one is known"—

The Doctor laughed, but at the same time he sighed. There was nothing to be said against Mrs. Chiley, who had, on the whole, as women go, a very superior training, and knew what a good dinner was; but it was the beginning of the revolution of which Dr. Marjoribanks, vaguely oppressed with the idea of new paper, new curtains, and all that was involved in the entrance of Mr. Holden the upholsterer into the house, did not see the end. He acquiesced, of course, since there was nothing else for it; but it must be confessed that the spectre of Mrs. Chiley sitting at his right hand clouded over for the Doctor the pleasant anticipation of the evening. If it had been possible to put her at the head of the table beside Lucilla, whom she was to come to take care of, he could have borne it better—and to be sure it would have been a great deal more reasonable; but then that was absolutely out of the question, and the Doctor gave in with a sigh. Thus it was that he began to realize the more serious result of that semi-abdication into which he had been beguiled. The female element, so long peacefully ignored and kept at a distance, had come in again in triumph and taken possession, and the Doctor knew too well by the experience of a long life what a restless

and troublesome element it was. He had begun to feel that it had ceased to be precisely amusing as he took his place in his brougham. It was good sport to see Lucilla make an end of Tom, and put her bridle upon the stiff neck of Nancy; but, when it came to changing the character of the Doctor's dinners, his intellect naturally got more obtuse, and he did not see the joke.

As for Tom, he had to be disposed of summarily. "Do go away," Miss Marjoribanks said, in her straightforward way. "You can come back to luncheon if you like;—that is to say, if you can pick up anybody that is very amusing, you may bring him here about half-past one, and if any of my friends have come to call by that time, I will give you lunch; but it must be somebody very amusing, or I will have nothing to say to you," said Lucilla. And with this dismissal Tom Marjoribanks departed, not more content than the Doctor; for, to be sure, the last thing in the world which the poor fellow thought of was to bring somebody who was very amusing, to injure his chances with Lucilla. Tom, like most other people, was utterly incapable of fathoming the grand conception which inspired Miss Marjoribanks. When she told him that it was the object of her life to be a comfort to papa, he believed it to a certain extent; but it never occurred to him that that filial devotion, though beautiful to contemplate, would preserve Lucilla's heart from the ordinary dangers of youth, or that she was at all in earnest in postponing all matrimonial intentions until she was nine-and-twenty, and had begun to "go off" a little. So he went away disconsolate enough, wavering between his instinct of obedience and his desire of being in Lucilla's company, and a desperate determination never to be the means of injuring himself by presenting to her anybody who was very amusing. All Miss Marjoribanks' *monde*, as it happened, was a little out of humour that day. She had gone on so far triumphantly that it had now come to be necessary that she should receive a little check in her victorious career.

When Tom was disposed of, Miss Marjoribanks put on her hat, and went down Grange Lane to carry her invitation to Mrs. Chiley, who naturally was very much pleased to come. "But, my dear, you must tell me what to put on," the old lady said. "I don't think I have had anything new since you were home last. I have heard so much about Dr. Marjoribanks' dinners that I feel a little excited, as if I was going to be made a freemason or something. There

is my brown, you know, that I wear at home when we have anybody—and my black velvet; and then there is my French grey that I got for Mary Chiley's marriage."

"Dear Mrs. Chiley," said Lucilla, "it doesn't matter in the least what you wear; there are only to be gentlemen, you know, and one never dresses for gentlemen. You must keep that beautiful black velvet for another time."

"Well, my dear," said Mrs. Chiley, "I am long past that sort of thing—but the men think, you know, that it is always for them we dress."

"Yes," said Miss Marjoribanks, their vanity is something dreadful—but it is one of my principles *never* to dress unless there are ladies. A white frock, high in the neck," said Lucilla, with sweet simplicity—"as for anything else, it would be bad style."

Mrs. Chiley gave her young visitor a very cordial kiss when she went away. "The sense she has!" said the old lady; but at the same time the Colonel's wife was so old-fashioned that this contemptuous way of treating "The gentlemen" puzzled her unprogressive intelligence. She thought it was super-human virtue on Lucilla's part, nearly incredible, and yet established by proofs so incontestable that it would be a shame to doubt it; and she felt ashamed of herself, she who might have been a grandmother had such been the will of Providence, for lingering five minutes undecided between her two best caps. "I daresay Lucilla does not spend so much time on such vanity, and she only nineteen," said the penitent old lady. As for Miss Marjoribanks, she returned up Grange Lane with a mind at ease, and that consciousness of superior endowments which gives amiability and expansion even to the countenance. She did not give any money to the beggar who at that period infested Grange Lane with her six children, for that was contrary to those principles of political economy which she had studied with such success at Mount Pleasant; but she stopped and asked her name, and where she lived, and promised to inquire into her case. "If you are honest and want to work, I will try to find you something to do," said Miss Marjoribanks; which, to be sure, was a threat appalling enough to keep her free from any further molestation on the part of that interesting family. But Lucilla, to do her justice, felt it equally natural that beneficence should issue from her in this manner as in that other mode of feeding the hungry

which she was willing to adopt at half-past one, and had solemnly engaged herself to fulfil at seven o'clock. She went up after that to Mr. Holden's, and had a most interesting conversation, and found among his stores a delicious damask, softly, spiritually green, of which, to his great astonishment, she tried the effect in one of the great mirrors which ornamented the shop. "It is just the tint I want," Lucilla said, when she had applied that unusual test; and she left the fashionable upholsterer of Carlingford in a state of some uncertainty whether it was curtains or dresses that Miss Marjoribanks meant to have made. Perhaps this confusion arose from the fact that Lucilla's mind was occupied in discussing the question whether she should not go round by Grove Street, and try that duet again with Barbara, and invite her to Grange Lane in the evening to electrify the little company; or whether, in case this latter idea might not be practicable, she should bring Barbara with her to lunch by way of occupying Tom Marjoribanks. Lucilla stood at Mr. Holden's door for five seconds at least balancing the matter; but finally she gave her curls a little shake, and took a quick step forward, and without any more deliberation returned towards Grange Lane; for, on the whole, it was better not to burst in full triumph all at once upon her constituency, and exhaust her forces at the beginning. If she condescended to sing something herself, it would indeed be a greater honour than her father's dinner-party, in strict justice, was entitled to; and as for the second question, though Miss Marjoribanks was too happy in the confidence of her own powers to fear any rivals, and though her cousin's devotion bored her, still she felt doubtful how far it was good policy to produce Barbara at luncheon for the purpose of occupying Tom. Other people might see her besides Tom, and her own grand *coup* might be forestalled for anything she could tell; and then Tom had some title to consideration on his own merits, though he was the unlucky member of the family. He might even, if he were so far left to himself (though Miss Marjoribanks smiled at the idea), fall in love with Barbara; or, what was more likely, driven to despair by Lucilla's indifference, he might *pretend* to fall in love; and Lucilla reflected, that if anything happened she could never forgive herself. This was the point she had arrived at when she shook her tawny curls and set out suddenly on her return home. It was nearly one o'clock, and it was quite possible that Tom, as well as herself, might be on the way to Grange Lane; but Lucil-

la, who, as she said, made a point of never going against the prejudices of society, made up her mind to remain sweetly unconscious of the hour of luncheon, unless somebody came to keep her company. But then Miss Marjoribanks was always lucky, as she said. A quarter of an hour before Tom applied for admission, Miss Bury came to pay Lucilla a visit. She had been visiting in her district all the morning, and was very easily persuaded to repose herself a little; and then, naturally, she was anxious about her young friend's spiritual condition, and the effect upon her mind of a year's residence abroad. She was asking whether Lucilla had not seen something soul-degrading and dishonouring to religion in all the mummeries of Popery; and Miss Marjoribanks, who was perfectly orthodox, had replied to the question in the most satisfactory manner; when Tom made his appearance, looking rather sheepish and reluctant, and followed by the "somebody amusing" whom Lucilla had commissioned him to bring. He had struggled against his fate, poor fellow! but when it happens to be a man's instinct to do what he is told, he can no more resist it than if it was a criminal impulse. Tom entered with his amusing companion, who had been chosen with care, and was very uninviting to look at; and by-and-by Miss Bury, with the most puzzled looks, found herself listening to gossip about the theatres and all kinds of profane subjects. "I think they are going to hang that fellow that killed the tailor," said the amusing man; "that will stir you up a little in Carlingford, I should suppose. It is as good as a play for a country town. Of course, there will be a party that will get up a memorial, and prove that a man so kind-hearted never existed out of paradise; and there will be another party who will prove him to be insane; and then at the end all the blackguards within a hundred miles will crowd into Carlingford, and the fellow will be hanged, as he deserves to be; but I assure you it's a famous amusement for a country town."

"Sir," said Miss Bury, with a tremulous voice, for her feelings had overcome her, "when you speak of amusement, does it ever occur to you what will become of his miserable soul?"

"I assure you, wretches of that description have no souls," said the young barrister, "or else, of course, I would not permit myself to speak so freely. It is a conclusion I have come to not rashly, but after many opportunities of observing," the young man went on with solemnity; "on the whole,

my opinion is, that this is the great difference between one portion of mankind and the other; that description of being, you may take my word for it, has no soul."

"I never take anybody's word for what is so plainly stated in the Holy Scriptures," said Miss Bury; "I never heard any one utter such a terrible idea. I am sure I don't want to defend a — a murderer," cried the Rector's sister, with agitation; "but I have heard of persons in that unfortunate position coming to a heavenly frame of mind, and giving every evidence of being truly converted. The law may take their lives, but it is an awful thing, — a truly dreadful thing," said Miss Bury, trembling all over, "to try to take away their soul."

"Oh, nonsense, Lucilla. By Jove! he does not mean that, you know," said Tom, interposing to relieve his friend.

"Do you believe in Jove, Mr. Thomas Marjoribanks?" said Miss Bury, looking him in an alarming manner full in the face.

The unfortunate Tom grew red and then he grew green under this question and that awful look. "No, Miss Bury, I can't say I do," he answered, humbly; and the amusing man was so much less brotherly than Tom that he burst into unsympathetic laughter. As for Lucilla, it was the first real check she had sustained in the beginning of her career. There could not have been a more unfortunate *contretemps*, and there is no telling how disastrous the effect might have been, had not her courage and coolness, not to say her orthodoxy, been equal to the occasion. She gave her cousin a look which was still more terrible than Miss Bury's, and then she took affairs into her own hands.

"It is dreadful sometimes to see what straits people are put to, to keep up the conversation," said Lucilla; "Tom in particular, for I think he has a pleasure in talking nonsense. But you must not suppose I am of that opinion. I remember quite well there was a dreadful man once here in jail for something, and Mr. Bury made him the most beautiful character! Every creature has a soul. I am sure we say so in the Creed every day of our lives, and especially in that long creed where so many people perish everlastingly. So far from laughing, it is quite dreadful to think of it," said Lucilla. "It is one of my principles never to laugh about anything that has to do with religion. I always think it my duty to speak with respect. It has such a bad effect upon some minds. Miss Bury, if you will not take anything more, I think we had better go up-stairs."

To think that Tom, whose luck, as usual,

had betrayed him to such an unlooked-for extent, should have been on the point of following to the drawing-room, was more than Miss Marjoribanks could comprehend; but fortunately his companion had more sense, and took his leave, taking his conductor with him. Miss Bury went up-stairs in silence, sighing heavily from time to time. The good woman was troubled in her spirit at the evident depravity of the young men with whom circumstances had constrained her to sit down at table, and she was sadly afraid that such companionship must have a debasing effect upon the mind of that lamb of the flock who was now standing before her. Miss Bury bethought herself of Dr. Marjoribanks' profane jokes, and the indifference he had shown to many things in which it was his duty to have interested himself, and she could not but look with tender pity in her young friend's face.

"Poor dear," said Miss Bury, "it is dreadful indeed if this is the sort of society you are subjected to. I could recommend to Dr. Marjoribanks a most admirable woman, a true Christian, who would take charge of things and be your companion, Lucilla. It is not at all nice for you, at your age, to be obliged to receive young men like these alone."

"I had you," said Lucilla, taking both Miss Bury's hands. "I felt it was such a blessing. I would not have let Tom stay for luncheon if you had not been there; and now I am so glad, because it has shown me the danger of letting him bring people. I am quite sure it was a special providence that made you think of coming here to-day."

"Well, my dear," said Miss Bury, who was naturally mollified by this statement of the question, "I am very glad to have been of use to you. If there is anything I desire in this life, it is to be useful to my fellow-creatures, and to do my work while it is called day. I should not think the time lost, my dear Lucilla, if I could only hope that I had impressed upon your mind that an account must be given of every careless word."

"Oh, yes," said Lucilla, "that is so true; and besides, it is quite against my principles. I make it a point never to speak of anything about religion except with the greatest respect; and I am quite sure it was a special providence that I had you."

Miss Bury took her farewell very affectionately, not to say effusively, after this, with her heart melting over the ingenuous young creature who was so thankful for her protection; but at the same time she left Miss Marjoribanks a prey to the horrible sensa-

tion of having made a failure. To be sure, there was time to recover herself in the evening, which was, so to speak, her first formal appearance before the public of Carlingford. Tom was so ill-advised as to come in when she was having her cup of tea before dinner to fortify her for her exertions; and the reception he met with may be left to the imagination. But, after all, there was little satisfaction in demolishing Tom; and then Lucilla had known from the beginning that the success of her undertaking depended entirely on herself.

CHAPTER VIII.

The evening passed off in a way which, if Miss Marjoribanks had been an ordinary woman, would have altogether obliterated from her mind all recollection of the failure at lunch. To speak first of the most important particular, the dinner was perfect. As for the benighted men who had doubted Lucilla, they were covered with shame, and, at the same time, with delight. If there had been a fault in Dr. Marjoribanks' table under the ancient *régime*, it lay in a certain want of variety, and occasional over-abundance, which wounded the feelings of young Mr. Cavendish, who was a person of refinement. To-night, as that accomplished critic remarked, there was a certain air of feminine grace diffused over everything — and an amount of doubt and expectation, unknown to the composed feastings of old, gave interest to the meal. As for the Doctor, he found Mrs. Chiley, at his right hand, not so great a bore as he expected. She was a woman capable of appreciating the triumphs of art that were set before her; and had indeed been trained to as high a pitch of culture in this respect as perhaps is possible to the female intelligence; and then her pride and delight in being admitted to a participation in those sacred mysteries was beyond expression. "My dear Lucilla, I feel exactly as if I was going to be made a freemason; and as if your dear good papa had to blindfold me, and make me swear all sorts of things before he took me down-stairs," she said, as they sat together waiting for the commencement of the ceremony; and when the two ladies returned to the drawing-room, Mrs. Chiley took Lucilla in her arms and gave her a kiss, as the only way of expressing adequately her enthusiasm. "My love," said the Colonel's wife, "I never realized before what it was to have a genius. You should be very thankful to Providence for giving you such a gift. I have given dinners all my life — that is,

all my married life, my dear, which comes to almost the same thing, for I was only a baby—but I never could come up to anything like that," said Mrs. Chiley, with tears in her eyes. As for Miss Marjoribanks, she was so satisfied with her success that she felt at liberty to tranquillize her old friend.

"I am sure you always give very nice dinners," she said; "and then, you know, the Colonel has his favourite dishes—whereas, I must say for papa, he is very reasonable for a man. I am so glad you are pleased. It is very kind of you to say it is genius, but I don't pretend to anything but paying great attention and studying the combinations. There is nothing one cannot manage if one only takes the trouble. Come here to this nice easy-chair—it is so comfortable. It is so nice to have a little moment to ourselves before they come upstairs."

"That is what I always say," said Mrs. Chiley; "but there are not many girls so sensible as you, Lucilla. I hear them all saying it is so much better French fashion. Of course, I am an old woman, and like things in the old style."

"I don't think it is because I am more sensible," said Miss Marjoribanks, with modesty. "I don't pretend to be better than other people. It is because I have thought it all over, you know—and then I went through a course of political economy when I was at Mount Pleasant," Lucilla said, tranquilly, with an air of having explained the whole matter, which much impressed her hearer. "But for all that, something dreadful happened to-day. Tom brought in one of his friends with him, you know, and Miss Bury was here, and they talked—I want to tell you, in case she should say something, and then you will know what to believe—I never felt so dreadfully ashamed in my life—they talked"—

"My dear! not anything improper, I hope," cried the old lady, in dismay.

"Oh, no," said Lucilla; "but they began laughing about some people having no souls, you know—as if there could be anybody without a soul—and poor Miss Bury nearly fainted. You may think what a dreadful thing it was for me."

"My dear child, if that was all," said Mrs. Chiley, re-assured—"as for everybody having a soul, I am sure I cannot say. You never were in India, to be sure; but Miss Bury should have known better than to faint at a young man's talk, and frighten you, my poor dear. She ought to be ashamed of herself, at her age. Do you think Tom has turned out clever?" the old lady

continued, not without a little *finesse*, and watching Lucilla with a curious eye.

"Not in the very least," said Miss Marjoribanks, calmly; "he is just as awkward as he used to be. It is dreadful to have him here just now, when I have so many things to do—and then he would follow me about everywhere if I would let him. A cousin of that sort is always in the way."

"I am always afraid of a cousin, for my part," said Mrs. Chiley; "and, talking of that, what do you think of Mr. Cavendish, Lucilla? He is very nice in himself, and he has a nice property; and some people say he has a very good chance to be member for Carlingford when there is an election. I think that is just what would suit you."

"I could not see him for the lamp," said Lucilla; "it was right between us, you know—but it is no use talking of that sort of thing just now. Of course, if I had liked I never need have come home at all," Miss Marjoribanks added, with composure; "and, now I have come home, I have got other things to think of. If papa is good, I will not think of leaving him for ten years."

"Oh, yes; I have heard girls say that before," said Mrs. Chiley; "but they always changed their minds. You would not like to be an old maid, Lucilla; and in ten years"—

"I should have begun to go off a little, no doubt," said Miss Marjoribanks. "No, I can't say I wish to be an old maid. Can they be coming up-stairs already, do you think? Oh, it is Tom, I suppose," said Lucilla, with a little indignation. But when *They* did make their appearance, which was at a tolerably early period—for a return to the drawing room was quite a novelty for Dr. Marjoribanks' friends, and tempted them accordingly—Miss Marjoribanks was quite ready to receive them. And just before ten o'clock when Mrs. Chiley began to think of going home, Lucilla, without being asked, and without, indeed, a word of preface, suddenly went to the piano, and before anybody knew, had commenced to sing. She was a great deal too sensible to go into high art on this occasion, or to electrify her father's friends with her newly-acquired Italian or even with German, as some young ladies do. She sang them a ballad out of one of those treasures of resuscitated ballads which the new generation had then begun to dig out of the bowels of the earth. There was not, to tell the truth, a great deal of music in it, which proved Lucilla's disinterestedness, "I only sang it to amuse you," she said, when all the world crowded to the piano; and for that night she was not to be persuaded to

further exertions. Thus Miss Marjoribanks proved to her little public that power of subordinating her personal tastes and even her vanity to her great object, which more than any thing else demonstrates a mind made to rule. "I hope next time you will be more charitable, and not tantalize us in this way," Mr. Cavendish said, as he took his leave; and Lucilla retired from the scene of her triumph, conscious of having achieved entire success in her first appearance in Carlingford. She laid her head upon her pillow with that sweet sense of an approving conscience which accompanies the footsteps of the benefactors of their kind. But even Miss Marjoribanks' satisfaction was not without its drawbacks. She could not get out of her mind that unhappy abortive luncheon and all its horrors; not to speak of the possibility of her religious principles being impugned, which was dreadful in itself ("for people can stand a man being sceptical you know," Miss Marjoribanks justly observed, "but everybody knows how unbecoming it is to a woman — and me who have such a respect for religion!"), there remained the still more alarming chance that Miss Bury, who was so narrow-minded, might see something improper in the presence of the two young men at Lucilla's maidenly table; for, to be sure, the Rector's sister was altogether incapable of grasping the idea that young men, like old men and the other less interesting members of the human family, were simple material for Miss Marjoribanks' genius, out of which she had a great result to produce. This was the dread that overshadowed the mind of Lucilla as she composed herself to rest after her fatigues. When she slept the sleep of the innocent, it still pursued her into her dreams. She dreamed that she stood at the altar by the side of the member for Carlingford, and that Mr. Bury, with inflexible cruelty, insisted upon marrying her to Tom Marjoribanks instead; and then the scene changed, and instead of receiving the salutations of Mr. Cavendish as M. P. for the borough, it was the amusing man, in the character of the defeated candidate, who grinned and nodded at her, and said from the hustings that he never would forget the luncheon that had been his first introduction to Carlingford. Such was the nightmare that pursued Lucilla even into the sphere of dreams.

When such a presentiment takes possession of a well-balanced mind like that of Miss Marjoribanks, it may be accepted as certain that something is likely to follow. Lucilla did her best to disarm fate, not only by the sweetest submission and dutifulness to the

Doctor and his wishes, but by a severe disregard of Tom, which drove that unhappy young man nearly desperate. Far from saying anything about luncheon, she even ignored his presence at breakfast, and remained calmly unconscious of his empty cup, until he had to ask for some coffee in an injured and pathetic voice, which amused Dr. Marjoribanks beyond description. But even this did not prove sufficient to propitiate the Fates. When they were gone — and it may be well to say that Lucilla used this pronoun to signify *the gentlemen*, in greater or smaller number as it might happen — and she had finished all her arrangements, Miss Marjoribanks decided upon going to Grove Street to pay Barbara Lake a visit, and practise some duets, which was certainly as innocent an occupation for her leisure as could have been desired. She was putting on her hat with this object, when the bell in the garden rang solemnly, and Lucilla, whose curiosity even conquered her good manners for the moment, hastening to the window, saw Mr. Bury himself enter the garden, accompanied by a tall black figure in deep and shabby mourning. All the tremors of the night rushed back upon her mind at the sight. She felt that the moment had arrived for a trial of her courage, very different from the exertions which had hitherto sufficed her. Nothing but the most solemn intentions could have supported the Rector in that severe pose of his figure and features, every line in which revealed an intention of being "faithful," and the accompanying mute in black, whose office the culprit could not divine, had a veil over her face, and wore a widow's dress. Miss Marjoribanks, it is true, was not a woman to be discouraged by appearances, but she felt her heart beat as she collected all her powers to meet this mysterious assault. She took off her hat with an instinctive certainty that, for this morning at least, the duet was impracticable, when she heard Mr. Bury's steady step ascending the stairs; but, notwithstanding, it was with a perfectly cheerful politeness that she bade him welcome when he came into the room. "It is so good of you to come," Lucilla said; "you that have so much to do. I scarcely could believe it when I saw you come in; I thought it must be for papa."

"I did hope to find Dr. Marjoribanks," said the Rector, "but as he is not at home, I thought it best to come to you. This is Mrs. Mortimer," said Mr. Bury, taking the chair Lucilla had indicated with a certain want of observance of his companion which betrayed to the keen perceptions of Miss

Marjoribanks that she was a dependant of some kind or other. The Rector was a very good man, but he was Evangelical, and had a large female circle who admired and swore by him; and, consequently, he felt it in a manner natural that he should take his seat first, and the place that belonged to him as principal person present; and then, to be sure, his mission here was for Mrs. Mortimer's as well as Miss Marjoribanks' "good." After this introduction, the figure in black put up its veil, and revealed a deprecating woman, with a faint sort of pleading smile on her face. Probably she was making believe to smile at the position in which she found herself; but anyhow she took her seat humbly on another chair at a little distance, and waited, as Lucilla did, for the next golden words that it might please the Rector to say.

"My sister told me what happened yesterday," said Mr. Bury. "She is very sorry for you, Miss Marjoribanks. It is sad for you to be left alone so young, and without a mother, and exposed to—to temptations which it is difficult to withstand at your age. Indeed, at all ages, we have great occasion to pray not to be led into temptation; for the heart of man is terribly deceitful. After hearing what she had to say, I thought it best to come up at once this morning to talk to Dr. Marjoribanks. I am sure his natural good sense will teach him that you ought not to be left alone in the house."

"I do not see how papa can help it," said Lucilla. "I am sure it is very sad for him as well; but, since dear mamma died, there has been nobody but me to be a comfort to him. I think he begins to look a little cheerful now," Miss Marjoribanks continued, with beautiful simplicity, looking her adversary in the face. "Everybody knows that to be a comfort to him is the object of my life."

"That is a very good feeling," said the Rector, "but it does not do to depend too much upon our feelings. You are too young to be placed in a position of so much responsibility, and open to so much temptation. I was deeply grieved for Dr. Marjoribanks when his partner in life was taken from him; but, my dear Miss Lucilla, now you have come home, who stand so much in need of a mother's care, we must try to find some one to fill her place."

Lucilla uttered a scream of genuine alarm and dismay; and then she came to herself, and saw the force of her position. She had it in her power to turn the tables on the Rector, and she did not hesitate, as a weaker woman might have done, out of consideration for anybody's feelings. "Do you

mean you have found some one for him to marry?" she asked with a look of artless surprise, bending her earnest gaze on Mr. Bury's face.

As for the Rector, he looked at Lucilla aghast, like a man caught in a trap. "Of course not, of course not," he stammered, after his first pause of consternation; and then he had to stop again to take breath. Lucilla kept up the air of amazement and consternation which had come naturally at the first, and had her eyes fixed on him, leaning forward with all the eager anxiety natural to the circumstances, and the unfortunate clergyman reddened from the end of his white cravat to the roots of his gray hair. He was almost as sensitive to the idea of having proposed something improper as his sister could have been, though indeed, at the worst, there would have been nothing improper in it, had Dr. Marjoribanks made up his mind to another wife.

"It is very dreadful for me that am so young to go against you," said Lucilla; "but, if it is *that*, I cannot be expected to take any part in it—it would not be natural. It is the great object of my life to be a comfort to papa; but, if that is what you mean, I could not give in to it. I am sure Miss Bury would understand me," said Miss Marjoribanks; and she looked so nearly on the point of tears, that the Rector's anxious disclaimer found words for itself.

"Nothing of the kind, my dear Miss Lucilla—nothing of the kind," cried Mr. Bury; "such an idea never came into my mind. I cannot imagine how I could have said anything—I can't fancy what put such an idea—Mrs. Mortimer, you are not going away?"

Lucilla had already seen with the corner of her eye that the victim had started violently, and that her heavy veil had fallen over her face; but she had not taken any notice, for there are cases in which it is absolutely necessary to have a victim. By this time, however, the poor woman had risen in her nervous, undecided way.

"I had better go—I am sure I had better go," she said, hurriedly, clasping together a pair of helpless hands, as if they could find a little strength in union. "Miss Marjoribanks will understand you better, and you perhaps will understand Miss Marjoribanks."

"Oh, sit down, sit down," said Mr. Bury, who was not tolerant of feelings. "Perhaps I expressed myself badly. What I meant to say was, that Mrs. Mortimer, who has been a little unfortunate in circumstances—sit down, pray—had by a singular providence just applied to me when my sister returned home yesterday. These things do not

happen by chance, Lucilla. We are taken care of when we are not thinking of it. Mrs. Mortimer is a Christian lady for whom I have the greatest respect. A situation to take the superintendence of the domestic affairs, and to have charge of you, would be just what would suit her. It must be a great anxiety to the Doctor to leave you alone, and without any control, at your age. You may think the liberty is pleasant at first, but if you had a Christian friend to watch over and take care of you—What is the matter?" said the Rector, in great alarm. It was only that the poor widow who was to have charge of Lucilla, according to his benevolent intention, looked so like fainting, that Miss Marjoribanks jumped up from her chair, and rang the bell hastily. It was not Lucilla's way to lose time about anything; she took the poor woman by the shoulders, and all but lifted her to the sofa, where she was lying down with her bonnet off when the Rector came to his senses. To describe the feelings with which Mr. Bury contemplated this little *entr'acte*, which was not in his programme, would be beyond our powers. He went off humbly and opened the window when he was told, and tried to find the eau-de-cologne on the table; while Thomas rushed down-stairs for water at a pace very unlike his usual steady rate of progress. As for Lucilla, she stood by the side of her patient, quite self-possessed, while the Rector looked so foolish. "She will be all right directly," Miss Marjoribanks was saying; "luckily she never went right off. When you don't go right off, lying down is everything. If there had been any one to run and get some water, she would have got over it; but luckily I saw it in time." What possible answer Mr. Bury could make to this, or how he could go on with his address in sight of the strange turn things had taken, it would have been hard to say. Fortunately for the moment he did not attempt it, but walked about in dismay, and put himself in the draught (with his rheumatism), and felt dreadfully vexed and angry with Mrs. Mortimer, who, for her part, now she had done with fainting, manifested an inclination to cry, for which Mr. Bury in his heart could have whipped her, had that mode of discipline been permitted in the Church of England. Lucilla was merciful, but she could not help taking a little advantage of her victory. She gave the sufferer a glass of water, and the eau-de-cologne to keep her from a relapse, and whispered to her to lie quiet; and then she came back and took her seat, and begged the Rector not to stand in the draught.

"I don't think she is strong," said Miss Marjoribanks, confidentially, when she had wiled the disconcerted clergyman back to her side, "her colour changes so; she never would be able for what there is to do here, even if papa would consent to think of it. For my part I am sure I should be glad of a little assistance," said Lucilla, "but I never like to give false hopes, and I don't think papa would consent;—she looks nice, if she was not so weak, poor thing!—and there are such quantities of things to be done here: but if you wish it, Mr. Bury, I will speak to papa," said Miss Marjoribanks, lifting her eyes, which were so open and straightforward, to the Rector's face.

To tell the truth he did not in the least know what to say, and the chances are he would not have been half so vexed and angry, nor felt in so unchristian a disposition with the poor woman on the sofa, had he meant to do her harm instead of good. "Yes, I should be glad if you would mention it to Dr. Marjoribanks," he said, without very well knowing what he said; and got up to shake hands with Lucilla, and then recollected that he could not leave his *protégée* behind him, and hesitated, and did not know what to do. He was really grateful, without being aware of it, to Miss Marjoribanks, when once again she came to his aid.

"Please leave her a little," said Lucilla, "and I can make acquaintance with her, you know, in case papa should be disposed to think of it;—she must lie still a little till it quite wears off. I would ask you to stay to lunch, if I was not afraid of wasting your precious time!"

Mr. Bury gave a little gasp of indignation, but he did not say anything. On the whole, even though smarting under the indignity of being asked to lunch, as his sister had been, when probably there might be a repetition of the scene of yesterday, he was glad to get safely out of the house, even at the risk of abandoning his enterprise. As for a woman in want of a situation, who had so little common sense as to faint at such a critical moment, the Rector was disposed to wash his hands of her; for Mr. Bury, "like them all," as Lucilla said, was horribly frightened by a faint, when he saw one, and afterwards pretended to disbelieve in it, and called it one of the things which a little self-command could always prevent. When he was gone, Miss Marjoribanks felt the full importance of her victory; and then, though she had not hesitated to sacrifice this poor woman when it was necessary to have a victim, that moment was over, and she had

no pleasure in being cruel; on the contrary, she went and sat by her patient, and talked, and was very kind to her; she made her lie still and tell her story at her leisure, and all about it.

"I knew it would hurt your feelings," Miss Marjoribanks said, candidly, "but I could not do anything else — and you know it was Mr. Bury's fault; but I am sure, if I can be of any use to you" — It was thus that Lucilla added, without knowing it, another complication to her fortunes; but then, to be sure, clear-sighted as she was, she could not see into the future, nor know what was to come of it. She told the Doctor in the evening, with the greatest faithfulness, and

described how Mr. Bury looked, and that she had said she did not think papa would be disposed to think of it; and Dr. Marjoribanks was so much entertained that he came up-stairs to hear the end, and took a cup of tea. It was the third night in succession that the Doctor had taken this step, though it was against his principles; and thus it will be seen that good came out of evil in a beautifully distinct and appropriate way; but, notwithstanding, Miss Marjoribanks, though she had escaped immediate danger, still felt in her heart the consequences of having made a failure at the beginning of her career.

A HARLEQUIN'S DRESS is something like a suit of chain-armour to handle. Nobody who has not been told how a spangle is made would ever be able to guess at the process, from a sight of the little flat, circular, shining piece of metal, with a hole in the centre, and a scarcely perceptible slit on one side. Within the memory of living costumers spangles used to cost thirty-six shillings a-pound; they may now be bought for four shillings. Like most goods of a special use, they have a narrow market; and indeed the trade in this country may almost be said to be in one pair of hands. They are made from plated copper-wire, which comes from Germany. It is drawn out to the requisite size, and is then twisted, by English workmen, round a steel mandrel, till it has the same close spiral form as an old-fashioned spring, before the days of vulcanized india-rubber. From the long twist of metal thus shaped rings are chopped by a machine; and every ring closes by the elasticity of the metal. These rings, placed on a smooth steel anvil, are struck one by one with a smooth steel hammer, and being flattened at a blow, are spangles. Their polish is the combined effect of plating and of the smart, dexterous manner in which they are struck. Machinery is now used for the purpose, and a curious fact is thus exemplified — namely, that any piece of metal, plated however thinly with gold or silver, retains the same surface when beaten out. A gilt shilling, for instance, may be hammered to the circumference of a watch dial, and it will still have the look of being made of gold. We have stated — and we have this fact as well as others on the authority of the chief manufacturer in this

country of stage-dresses, for home use and for exportation — that there are about six pounds of spangles on a harlequin's dress, though the weight has been sometimes said to be twice or three times as much. How many thousands of spangles have to be sewn on, with four stitches to each spangle, can of course be calculated by any person who will weigh out an ounce, count them, and then multiply them by ninety-six. They will amount probably to 70,000 or 80,000; and these are, every one of them, sewn on with the best white silk twist that can be bought or made. The sewing-machine has not yet been adapted to this tedious work, nor can it very well be until a most ingenious modification may occur to some inventor. The tight-fitting suit which the spangles are made to cover, like the scales of a salmon, is fashioned of a particularly strong web-cloth, manufactured expressly for the purpose at Nottingham. The triangular, or, more properly speaking, half diamond-shaped patches, are stoutly sewn on with the same strong silk twist used in affixing the spangles. Great judgment and skill are required in planning the shapes, or they might give an awkward appearance of distortion to Harlequin's graceful figure, causing him to seem bow-legged or knock-kneed. The patches are of Leicester and Bradford cloth, so fine that it has frequently to be woven for the special purpose. Their colours should properly be four — red, blue, yellow, and green — typifying, after a roughly scientific fashion, what used to be called the four elements — to wit, fire, air, earth, and water. The average cost of a harlequin's dress is 10*l.*—*Daily Telegraph.*

From the Saturday Review.

LEADERS OF FASHION.

As in every other well-governed community, there are authorities and powers in the fashionable world. It is not abandoned to a helpless anarchy. The enormous privileges which it confers are not yielded to the first comer. The important operations it conducts are not abandoned to the guidance of chance. That great corporation into which so many are struggling to be admitted, and within whose boundaries so many fierce conflicts of personal ambition are carried on, is governed by laws whose force is very palpable, though their definition may be somewhat vague, and is subject to rulers whose power may be informal, but is irresistible in its sphere. Those who have penetrated within the charmed garden of fashion, or have even attempted to elbow their way through the narrow and crowded portals which admit to its delights, report that it has a government of its own, differing little from the government of less gay communities. There are laws and customs, parties and competitions, great careers for those who succeed, and banishment without appeal for those who fail. There are kings and queens, pretenders and usurpers, aspirants for succession, shadows of departed greatness, and crowds of courtiers who bask or languish under the smiles or frowns of power.

The constitution of the kingdom of Fashion exhibits the mutability to which larger communities are subject. At one time its government was hereditary. There was a period when fashionable power was one of the appanages of birth. But the aristocratic principle has receded here as elsewhere; and the throne, or thrones, of the community are the reward no longer of the most noble, but of the most fortunate. They are not held for life, or for any definite term of years; but rather like the Presidencies of South American Republics, for as long as the occupant can keep his or her enemies at bay, and no longer. But, uncertain as the duration of the dignity of a leader of fashion is, it is still the object of a very animated competition. Its attractions are, of course, principally for women. The leadership of fashion is the woman's premiership. It is undoubtedly a position of no little power, and as worthy of ambition probably as any other dignity. If a woman cares for distinction, she must feel a considerable pleasure in building up for herself a position from which the vulgar herd of duchesses and marchionesses looks small and insignificant.

If she is fond of influence, it is satisfactory to be able, on any given day, to command the attendance of every man of note in London. In this country, where *Aspasias* are not yet the fashion, it is the only form of political greatness to which a woman can aspire. It is the solitary instalment of woman's rights that has yet been accorded. So far as it goes, the concession is ample, for there are few political potentates known to the British Constitution more formidable than a really dominant leader of fashion. She wields a power, possessed by no other, over the strangely assorted following by which the supremacy of a political party is maintained. She is the *Rarey* or the *Van Amburgh* of the political *menagerie*. She can tame the wild journalist, and make even the independent member reasonable and docile. It is her business to throw the party lasso round the necks of clever young men who come up from the Universities with no very definite opinions, and perfectly ready to adopt the formulas of any party which shall prove its sagacity by appreciating duly their transcendent talents. To her falls the still more arduous task of keeping to their allegiance the numerous members of Parliament for whom, in these degenerate days, more substantial inducements cannot be provided. She does not perhaps receive from public opinion full credit for the success of her labours. She does good by stealth, and, though her blushing days are probably past, she would be very far from pleased to find it fame. In the day of victory, few people give credit to the blarney of the drill-sergeants which got the recruits together by whom the victory was won; and so, after a critical division, the world thinks little of the womanly skill by which the union of so many erratic politicians, and the fidelity of newspapers hitherto so wayward, has been secured. But the statesmen who know the secret processes by which the enthusiasm of a great party is manufactured give honour where honour is due; and the result is that, among influential people, an average magnate of fashion is a person of a good deal more importance than an average Cabinet Minister.

But the political part of the position is perhaps its least powerful attraction. All people do not care for politics, and, except as lions, politicians are rather dull ornaments to a drawing-room. They are painfully addicted to talking shop, and think it rather beneath them to show any susceptibility to female charms. The one recommendation they formerly possessed, of being able to "do something" for the hand-

some but impecunious models of fashion in whom the matronly heart takes so tender an interest, is, unhappily, gone the way of many other excellent institutions. The fashionable leader enjoys advantages more solid than the homage of politicians. She commands that marriage-market which is the serious and arduous business of the apparently frivolous throng. In fact, the most important meetings of the heir exchange are held under her roof; and she derives from it all the social advantages which, both east and west of Temple Bar, are enjoyed by those who can help their neighbours to a good thing. If she brings out an heir at a good premium—that is to say, with a large estate in expectancy, and a paralytic father—the competition for allotments at Capel Court is nothing compared to the competition in Belgravia and Mayfair for the invitations which confer a share in the great matrimonial speculation of the season. Business of this kind soon makes a fashionable leader's position secure. Acquiring a connection among the elder sons is difficult just at first. Yet they will generally go to any well-established drawing-room where the hostess is bold enough in telling them that they are clever, just as an ugly woman easily yields to any man who is impudent enough to swear that she is lovely. But when they have been once snared and domesticated, their captor may pick and choose at her leisure the female portion of her company. If she knows her power—and unless she does she will not keep it long—everything that is not either pretty to look at or pleasant to talk to will be pitilessly excluded. A bazaar of good reputation ought not to exhibit any but the first commodities in the market. It is a matter of surprise that *chaperons* should have been endured so long. They are not, artistically speaking, ornamental, and in a business point of view they are a serious impediment. Many a light-hearted young customer, who is on the point of striking a bargain out of sheer gaiety of heart, is frightened back into sobriety and calculation by their awful presence, or disheartened by their clumsy efforts at fascination. Besides, putting the fat dowager so close to the blooming beauty is rather like sending a gouty butler round with the port-wine. It is forcing the inevitable future upon those who would gladly think only of the present. No leader of fashion has, however, as yet come forward to reform this abuse. As yet they have not fully measured their own power, or the submissive-

ness, born of despair, which takes hold of the soul of a daughter-logged mamma.

A post so honourable is naturally much coveted; but the ways to it are arduous, and the qualifications which insure success in such a career are rarely united in a single aspirant. They are very various. Rank and wealth are, of course, valuable; without a certain portion of the latter, indeed, nothing can be done. When a fashionable lady has come to the end of her supplies, and has no more money to spend, the adjective will soon cease to attach to her name; unless, indeed, she is inclined to meet the difficulty by spending somebody else's money. Then, again, it is of great importance that she should have, if possible, a distinguished husband. Lions are an absolute necessity to a lady who aspires to rule by the power of the *salon*. They are her myrmidons, her *ville garde*, her last resource in the moment of peril. She need fear neither rival parties, nor bad weather, nor the sudden caprices of hospitality in high places, so long as she can exhibit the traveller who has walked round the North Pole, or the celebrated guerilla leader who headed the last insurrection of the Taepings. But lions, indispensable as they are, are difficult to secure, unless there is a husband of some distinction to receive them. The pecuniary and matrimonial qualifications, however, are generally no longer a question of choice by the time the necessity for them begins to be perceived. They are matters of consideration for young ladies about to marry; but any unlucky mistake once committed in regard to them cannot be mended after marriage. Other qualifications of a moral kind can be cultivated at any time. It is not, of course, to be understood that morality, in the technical sense of the word, is a necessary condition. The Divorce Court is rapidly dissipating all prejudices upon this subject; and the advantage of having the most telling passages of your private diary of letters published in a form to secure universal perusal is calculated before long to draw all the more intellectual portion of the sex within its sacred precincts. In fact, it may be already said that a mishap in the Divorce Court is looked upon as a presumption in favour of the literary accomplishments of the victim. No fashionable leader has, however, as yet set the fashion of going through the Court, and the experiment probably could not be tried with impunity. But, short of this extreme, a slight scandal was not in past times any impediment to

fashionable leadership, and would, perhaps, if the case arose, not be thought one in our own. Rather it had the effect of shedding a tender halo of romance around the heroine's head, and might be regarded by persons of elastic views—that is to say, by the majority of the world—as giving a kind of security for softness and pliancy of manner. It is a fact which few will dispute, though a most immoral fact, and one that ought to be anathematized to the nethermost hell for being a fact, that virtue, in the restricted sense of the word, gives very often an angularity and self-sufficiency to the mind which does not fail to betray itself in word and action.

Easy principles, however, in spite of all the pleasantness of manner which they are unhappily wont to carry with them, are not the only nor the chief moral qualification for a fashionable leader. Among many softer virtues, it may be safe to select, as of paramount importance, the sterner quality of insolence. Insolence may be, indeed, characterized—after the manner of Demosthenes—as the first, second, and third requisite for a fashionable leader. It is valuable in many ways. It is of first-rate importance as a mere weapon of defence. Toadies, tuft-hunters, pushing mammas, old young ladies almost desperate of matrimony, worn-out dandies, and diners-out whose day is passing by, provincial millionnaires aspiring to be fashionable, all these form a swarm of mosquitoes—to compare them to no more familiar insect—that buzz about the couch of fashionable greatness. They must be kept aloof at any cost. A queen of fashion must go into the country like other folk, and she may occasionally be compelled to stay at a watering-place or bath. In those retreats she

may rashly make acquaintances; and unless she is covered with a triple shield of insolence, she will have her drawing-rooms invaded by a horrible throng, whose very appearance would be sufficient to make any drawing-room in London intolerable. But this is not the only service which the quality of insolence may perform for her. It is her most effective mode of making herself agreeable. Not, of course, that any one likes to have it applied to himself; but there are very few who do not like to see it applied to other people. Many a man, who would regard compliments to himself as *fades* and tiresome, looks on with infinite relish while his friend or rival is being snubbed. Moreover, a sufficient exhibition of insolence is necessary to make compliments worth having. A woman who is civil to everybody loses the power of being civil to anybody. Her soft speeches may be gratifying to A. so long as he does not know that they are vouchsafed to all the world; but they lose all their value when he overhears them being bestowed with equal energy, and sincerity as apparent, upon all the rest of the alphabet down to Z. On the other hand, to be favoured and flattered by a woman who is known to snub is a great distinction, provoking much self-complacency, and meriting devoted gratitude. All ladies, therefore, who are in training to be leaders of fashion should, above all things, cultivate insolence. It is better, perhaps, to practise on their relations or their husbands just at first, in order to avoid making too many enemies at the outset of their career. But, whoever may be selected to fulfil the office of practising-block, the quality must be acquired somehow, as an indispensable condition of success.

ASH-BARRELS AS A GEOLOGICAL AGENCY.

To the Editors of the Evening Post:

WILL you allow me through your columns to call the attention of scientific men to the present geological condition of this city. Among the potent sources of change now at work upon the earth's surface, Sir Charles Lyell and other geologists have said a great deal about rain, rivers, glaciers, icebergs, earthquakes, and volcanic fires, but not one of them seems to have mentioned the *ash-barrels*—an agency whose effects we are already feeling slightly, but whose full power and final results can only be matter of speculation. If we suppose the ashes to accumulate at the average rate of only six inches a year, it is evident that in twenty thousand years (which to a geologist is a very short period) this

formation would be ten thousand feet thick, higher than Mount Olympus or the Apennines. Of course the city must either rise at the same rate, or be buried. Future ages may therefore see New York perched upon a lofty mountain of igneous (though not volcanic) origin, or may hear of it as having shared the fate of Herculaneum and Pompeii.

This suggests the question whether the cities just mentioned may not have been buried in this very way. The formation which covers them, composed chiefly of ashes, cinders, etc., confirms this view. The historical account of their overthrow may readily be considered allegorical, the volcanic eruption denoting an outburst of political fury, especially as it is stated to have been accompanied by a great effusion of noxious gas.

J. O. NIEMAND.

From the North British Review.

JOHN LEECH.

1. *Etchings and Sketchings*. By A. PEN, Esq.
2. *Sketches Contributed to Bell's Life*.
3. *The Fiddle-Faddle Fashion Book*.
4. *Parody in Lithograph of Mulready's Post-office Envelope*.
5. *The Children of the Mobility*.
6. *The Comic Latin Grammar*. By PERCEVAL LEIGH. Illustrated by LEECH.
7. *The Comic English Grammar*. By the Same.
8. *Bentley's Miscellany*. For many years. Profuse Illustrations.
9. *The Marchioness de Brinvilliers*. By ALBERT SMITH and LEECH.
10. *The Adventures of Jack Ledbury*. By do. and do.
11. *Blaine's Encyclopædia of Rural Sports*.
12. *Ballads*. By BON GUALTIER.
13. *Puck on Pegasus*.
14. *The Militiaman Abroad*.
15. *Christopher Tadpole*.
16. *Paul's Dashes of American Humour*.
17. *Seeley's Porcelain Tower*.
18. *Christmas Numbers of the London Illustrated News*.
19. *The Quizziology of the British Drama*. By G. A. A'BECKETT.
20. *The Story of a Feather*. By DOUGLAS JERROLD.
21. *Mrs. Caudle's Curtain Lectures*.
22. *Life of a Foxhound*. By JOHN MILLS.
23. *Crock of Gold, etc.*
24. *Colin Clink*.
25. *The Book of British Song*.
26. *Stanley Thorn*.
27. *Jack Hinton*.
28. *Punch's Pocket-Book*. Up to 1864. Etchings and small woodcuts.
29. *Douglas Jerrold's Collected Works*.
30. *The Earlier Volumes of Once a Week*.
31. *Jack Brag*. By THEODORE HOOK.
32. *Journey to Pau*. By Hon. ERSKINE MURRAY.
33. *The Month*. By ALBERT SMITH.
34. *The Rising Generation: A Series of Twelve Large Coloured Plates*.
35. *The Comic Cocker*.
36. *Young Troublesome*.
37. *The Comic History of England*. Etchings and woodcuts.
38. *The Comic History of Rome*. Etchings and woodcuts.
39. *Handley Cross*.
40. *Mr. Sponge's Sporting Tour*.
41. *Ask Mamma*.
42. *Plain or Ringlets*.

43. *Mr. Facey Romford's Hounds*.
44. *A Little Tour in Ireland*. By an Oxonian.
45. *Master Jacky in Love: A Sequel to Young Troublesome*.
46. *The Christmas Carol*. By CHARLES DICKENS.
47. *The Cricket on the Hearth*. By CHARLES DICKENS.
48. *The Chimes*. By CHARLES DICKENS.
49. *Punch from 1841*.

If man is made to mourn, he, also, poor fellow! and without doubt, therefore, is made to laugh. He needs it all, and he gets it. For human nature may say of herself in the words of the ballad, "Werena my heart light, I wad die."

Man is the only animal that laughs; it is as peculiar to him as his chin and his *hippocampus minor*.* The perception of a joke, the smile, the sense of the ludicrous, the quiet laugh, the roar of laughter, are all our own; and we may be laughed as well as tickled to death, as in the story of the French nun of mature years, who, during a vehement fit of laughter, was observed by her sisters to sit suddenly still and look very "gash" (like the Laird of Garscadden), this being considered a farther part of the joke, when they found she was elsewhere.

In books, old and new, there is no end of philosophizing upon the ludicrous and its cause; from Aristotle, who says it is some error in truth or propriety, but at the same time neither painful nor pernicious; and Cicero, who defines it as that which, without impropriety, notes and exposes an impropriety; to Jean Paul, who says it is the opposite of the sublime, the infinitely great, and is therefore the infinitely little; and Kant, who gives it as the sudden conversion into nothing of a long-raised and highly-wrought expectation. Many have been the attempts to unsphere the spirit of a joke and make it tell its secret; but we agree with our excellent and judicious friend Quintilian, that its *ratio* is at best *anceps*. There is a certain robust felicity about old Hobbes's saying, that "it is a sudden glory, or sense of eminency above others or our former selves." There is no doubt at least about the suddenness and the glory; all true laughter must be involuntary, must come and go as it lists, must take

*No other animal has a chin proper, and it is a comfort, in its own small way, that Mr. Huxley has not yet found the lesser sea-horse in our grandfather's brain.

* Vide Dean Ramsey's *Reminiscences*.

us and shake us heartily and by surprise. No man can laugh any more than he can sneeze at will, and he has nearly as little to do with its ending — it dies out, disdaining to be killed. He may grin and guffaw, because these are worked by muscles under the dominion of volition; but your diaphragm, the midriff, into which your joker pokes his elbow, he is the great organ of genuine laughter and the sudden glory, and he, as you all know, when made absurd by hiccup, is masterless as the wind, "untamable as flies;" therefore is he called by the grave Haller, *nobilissimus post cornu musculus*; for, ladies and gentlemen, your heart is only a (often very) hollow muscle. If you wish to know what is done in your interior when you laugh, here it is from Dr. Carpenter. He classes it along with sobbing and hiccup, and says, "In it the muscles of expiration are in convulsive movement, more or less violent, and send out the breath in a series of jerks, the *glottis* being open," the *glottis* being the little chink at the top of the windpipe.

As to the mental impression on the sensorium that sets these jerks agoing, and arches that noble muscle, we, as already said, think it may be left to a specific sense of its own, and that laughter is the effect and very often the cause of the laughable, and therefore of itself — a definition which has the merit of being self-contained. But is it not well that we are made to laugh, that, from the first sleepy gleam moving like sunshine over an infant's cheek, to the cheery and feeble chirrup of his great-grandfather by the fireside, we laugh at the laughable, when the depths of our strange nature are dappled and rippled, or tossed into wildest laughter by anything, so that it be droll, just as we shudder when soused with cold water — because we can't help it?

But we are drifting into disquisition, and must beware. What is it to us or to the public that the pneumogastric and phrenic nerves are the telegraphs from their headquarters in the brain to this same midriff — that if cut, there would be an end of our funny messages, and of a good deal more; that the *musculus nobilissimus*, if wounded in its feelings from without or from within, takes to outrageous laughter of the dreariest sort; that if anything goes wrong at the central *thalami*, as they are called, of these nerves, the vehicles of will and feeling, they too make sad fools of themselves by sending down absurd, incoherent telegrams "at lairge"?

One might be diffuse upon the various

ways in which laughter seizes upon and deals with mankind; how it excruciates some, making them look and yell as if caught in a trap. How a man takes to crowing like a cock, or, as if under permanent hooping-cough, ending his series of explosions victoriously with his well-known "clarion wild and shrill." How provocative of laughter such a musical performance always is to his friends, leading them to lay snares for him! We knew an excellent man — a country doctor — who, if wanted in the village, might be traced out by his convivial crow. It was droll to observe him resisting internally and on the sly the beginnings of his *bracura*; how it always prevailed. How another friend, huge, learned and wise, whom laughter seizes and rends, is made desperate, and at times ends in crashing his chair, and concluding his burst on its ruins, and on the floor. In houses where he is familiar, a special chair is set for him, braced with iron for the stress.

Then one might discourse on the uses of laughter as a muscular exercise; on its drawing into action lazy muscles, supernumeraries, which get off easily under ordinary circumstances; how much good the convulsive succession of the whole man does to his chylo-poietic and other viscera; how it laughs to scorn care and *malaise* of all kinds; how it makes you cry without sorrow, and ache every inch of you without wrong done to any one; how it clears the liver and enlivens the spleen, and makes the very cockles of the heart to tingle. By the by, what are these cockles of tradition, but the *columnæ carneæ*, that pull away at the valves, and keep all things tight?

But why should we trouble ourselves and you with either the physiology or the philosophy of laughter, when all that anybody needs to say or to hear is said, so as to make all after saying hopeless and needless, by Sydney Smith in his two chapters on Wit and Humour, in his *Notes of Lectures on Moral Philosophy*? Why it is that when any one — except possibly Mr. Tupper — hears for the first time, that wisest of wits' joke to his doctor, when told by him to "take a walk on an empty stomach;" — "on whose?" — he laughs right out, loud and strong, may be a question as hard to answer as the why he curls up his nose when tickled with a straw, or sneezes when he looks at the sun; but it is not hard to be thankful for the joke, and for the tickle, and for the sneeze. Our business rather is now gratefully to acknowledge the singular

genius, the great personal and artistic worth of one of our best masters of "heart-easing mirth," than to discourse upon the why and how he makes us laugh so pleasantly, so wholesomely and well,—and to deplore, along with all his friends (who has not in him lost a friend?), his sudden and irreparable loss. It was as if something personal to every one was gone; as if a fruit we all ate and rejoiced in had vanished for ever; a something good and cheery, and to be thankful for, which came every week as sure as Thursday—never to come again. Our only return to him for all his unfailing goodness and cheer, is the memory of the heart, and he has it in any man in the British empire has. The noble, honest, kindly, diligent, sound-hearted, modest, and manly John Leech—the very incarnation in look, character, and work of the best in an Englishman.

As there is and has always been, since we had letters or art of our own, a rich abounding power and sense of humour and of fun in the English nature; so ever since that same nature was pleased to divert and express itself and its jokes in art as well as in books, we have had no lack of depictees of the droll, the odd, the terrible, and the queer. Hogarth is the first and greatest of them all, the greatest master in his own *terrible* via the world has ever seen. If you want to know his worth and the exquisite beauty of his colouring, study his pictures, and possess his prints, and read Charles Lamb on his genius. Then came the savage Gillray, strong and coarse as Churchill, the very Tipton Slasher of political caricature; then we had Bunbury, Rowlandson, and Woodward, more violent than strong, more odd than droll, and often more disgusting than either. Smirke, with his delicate, pure, pleasant humour, as seen in his plates to *Don Quixote*, which are not unworthy of that marvellous book, the most deeply and exquisitely humorous piece of genius in all literature; then Edwin Landseer's *Monkeyana*, forgotten by and we fear unknown to many, so wickedly funny, so awfully human, as almost to convert us to Mr. Huxley's pedigree—*The Duel*, for instance. Then we had Henry Alken in the Hunting Field, and poor Heath, the ex-Captain of Dragoons, facile and profuse, unscrupulous and clever. Then the greatest since Hogarth, though limited in range and tending to excess, George Cruickshank, who happily still lives and plies his matchless needle—it would take an entire paper to expound his keen, penetrating power, his moral intensity, his gift of wild grimace, the dexterity and su-

per-subtlety of his etching, its firm and delicate lines. Then came poor short-lived tragicomic Saymour, whom Thackeray wished to succeed as artist to *Pickwick*; he embodied *Pickwick* as did "Phiz."—Hablot Browne,—*Messrs. Quilp and Pecksniff*, and *Micky Free*, and whose steeple-chasing Irish cocktails we all know and relish; but his manner is too much for him and for us, and his ideas are neither deep nor copious, hence everlasting and weak repetitions of himself: Kenny Meadows, with more genius, especially for fiends and all eldritch fancies, and still more mannerism: Sibson and Hood, whose drawings were quaint and queer enough, but his words better and queerer: Thackeray, very great, answering wonderfully his own idea. We wonder that his *Snobs* and *Modern Novelists* and miscellaneous papers were ever published without his own cuts. What would *Mrs. Perkins' Ball* be without *The Mulligan*, as the spread-eagle, frantic and glorious, doing the mazurka, without *Miss Bunyan*, and them all; and the good little *Nightingale*, singing "Home, sweet home" to that young premature brute Hewlett, in *Dr. Birch*. But we have already recorded our estimate of Mr. Thackeray's worth as an artist; * and all his drolleries and quaint bits of himself,—his comic melancholy, his wistful children, his terrific soldans in the early *Punches*. They should all be collected,—wherever he escapes from his pen to his pencil, they should never be divorced. Then Doyle, with his wealth of dainty phantasies, his glaucomie, his wonderful power of expressing the weird and uncanny, his fairies and goblins, his enchanted castles and maidens, his plump caracoling pony chargers, his charm of colour and of unearthly beauty in his water-colours. No one is more thoroughly himself and alone than Doyle. We need only name his father, "H. B.," the master of gentlemanly, political satire,—as Gillray was of brutal. Tenniel we still have, excellent, careful, and often strong and effective; but more an artist and a draughtsman than a genius or a humourist.

John Leech is different from all these, and, taken as a whole, surpasses them all, even Cruickshank, and seats himself next, though below, William Hogarth. Well might Thackeray, in his delightful notice of his friend and fellow-Carthusian in *The Quarterly*, say, "There is no blinking the fact, that in Mr. Punch's Cabinet, John Leech is the right-hand man. Fancy a number of *Punch* without Leech's picture! What

* North Brit. Review, No. lxxix., Feb. 1884. — *Living Age*, No. 1635.

would you give for it?" This was said ten years ago. How much more true it is now! We don't need to *fancy* it any longer! And yet, doubtless, nature is already preparing some one else—she is forever filling her horn—whom we shall never think better, or in his own way, half so good, but who like him will be, let us trust, new and true, modest, and good; let us, meanwhile, rest and be thankful, and look back on the past. We'll move on by and bye—"to fresh fields and pastures new"—we suppose and hope.

We are not going to give a biography, or a studied appraisal of this great artist,—that has been already well done in the *Cornhill*,—and we trust the mighty "J. O." who knew him and loved him as a brother, and whose strong and fine hand—its truth, nicety, and power—we think we recognise in an admirable short notice of Leech as one of the "Men of Mark," in the *London Journal* of May 31, 1862—may employ his leisure in giving us a memorial of his friend. No one could do it better, not even the judicious Tom Taylor, and it is worth his while to go down the great stream side by side with such a man. All that we shall now do is to give some particulars, not, so far as we know, given to the public, and end with a few selected woodcuts from *Punch*—illustrative of his various moods and gifts—for which we are indebted to the kindness of Messrs. Bradbury and Evans,—two men to whom and to whose noble generosity and enterprise we owe it that *Punch* is what he is; men who have made their relation to him and to his staff of writers and artists, a labour of love; dealing in everything, from the quality of the paper up to the genius, with truly disinterested liberality; and who, to give only one instance, must have given Mr. Leech, during his twenty-three years' connection with them, upwards of £40,000,—money richly deserved, and well won, for no money could pay in full what he was to them and to us; but still, not the less honourable to them than to him.*

* When the history of the rise and progress of *Punch* comes to be written, it will be found that the Weekly Dinner has been one of the chief things which contributed to its success. Almost from the foundation of that journal, it has been the habit of the contributors every Wednesday to dine together. In the winter months, the dinner is usually held in the front room of the first floor of No. 11, Boulevard Street, Whitefriars,—the business offices of the proprietors, Messrs. Bradbury and Evans. Sometimes these dinners are held at the Bedford Hotel, Covent Garden. During the summer months, it is customary to have ten or twelve dinners at places in the neighborhood of London, Greenwich, Richmond, Blackwall, etc. And once a year they attend the annual dinner of the firm, at which compositors, readers,

John Leech, we believe remotely of Irish extraction, was a thoroughly London boy, though never one whit of a Cockney in nature or look. He was born in 1817, being thus six years younger than Thackeray, both of them Charterhouse boys. We rejoice to learn that Lord Russell has, in the kindest way, given to Mr. Leech's eldest boy a presentation to this famous school, where the best men of London birth have so long had their training, as Brougham and Jeffrey, Scott and Cockburn, had at the Edinburgh High School. This gift of our Foreign Minister is twice blessed, and is an act the country may well thank him for.

When between six and seven years of age, some of Leech's drawings were seen by the great Flaxman, and, after carefully looking at them and the boy, he said, "That boy must be an artist; he will be nothing else or less." This was said in full consciousness of what is involved in advising such a step. His father wisely, doubtless, thought otherwise, and put him to the medical profession at St. Bartholomew's, under Mr. Stanley. He was very near being sent to Edinburgh, and apprenticed to Sir George Ballingall.

printers, machinememen, clerks, etc., dine. This dinner is called the "Way Goose," and is often referred to in *Punch*.

At the weekly dinner, the contents of the forthcoming number of *Punch* are discussed. When the cloth is removed, and dessert is laid on the table, the first question put by the editor is, "What shall the Cartoon be?"

During the lifetimes of Jerrold and Thackeray, the discussions after dinner ran very high, owing to the constitutional antipathy existing between these two, Jerrold, being the oldest, as well as the noisiest, generally came off victorious. In these rows it required all the suavity of Mark Lemon (and he has a great deal of that quality) to calm the storm; his award always being final.

The third edition of Wednesday's *Sun* is generally brought in to give the latest intelligence, so as to bring the Cartoon down to the latest date. On the Thursday morning following, the editor calls at the houses of the artists to see what is being done. On Friday night all copy is delivered and put into type, and at two o'clock on Saturday proofs are revised, the forms made up, and with the last movement of the engine, the whole of the type is placed under the press, which cannot be moved until the Monday morning, when the steam is again up. This precaution is taken to prevent waggish tricks on the part of practical joking compositors.

At these dinners none but those connected with the staff proper are permitted to attend; the only occasional exceptions, we believe, have been Sir Joseph Paxton, Mr. Layard, the present Foreign Under-Secretary, Charles Dickens, and Charles Dickens, junior. As an illustration of the benefit arising from these meetings, we may mention that Jerrold always used to say, "It is no use any of us quarrelling because next Wednesday must come round with its dinner, when we will all have to shake hands again." By means of these meetings, the discussions arising on all questions helped both caricaturist and wit to take a broad view of things, as well as enabled the editor to get his team to draw well together, and give a uniformity of tone to all the contributions.

If he had come to us then, he would have found one student, since famous, with whom he would have cordialized, Edward, afterwards Professor Forbes, who to his other great gifts added that of drawing, especially of all sorts of wild, fanciful, elfish pleasantries and freaks, most original and ethereal—and the specimens of which, in their many strange resting-places, it would be worth the while to reproduce in a volume. Leech soon became known among his fellow-students for his lifelike, keen, but always good-natured caricatures; he was for ever drawing. He never had any regular art-lessons, but his medical studies furnished him with a knowledge of the structure and proportions of the human form, which gives such reality to his drawing; and he never parades his knowledge, or is its slave; he values expression ever above mere form, never falsifying, but often neglecting, or rather subordinating, the latter to the former.

This intense realism and insight, this pure intense power of observation, it is that makes the Greek sculptors so infinitely above the Roman.

We believe the Greeks knew nothing of what was under the skin—it was considered profane to open the human body and dissect it; but they studied form and action with that keen, sure, unforgetting, loving eye, that purely realistic faculty, which probably they, as a race, had in more exquisite perfection than any other people before or since. Objective truth they read, and could repeat as from a book. The Romans, with their hardy, penetrating, audacious nature—*rerum Domini*—wanted to know not only what appears, but what is and what makes appear. They had no misgivings or shyness at cutting into and laying bare their dead fellows, as little as they had in killing them or being themselves killed; and as so often happens, their strength was their weakness, their pride their fall. They must needs show off their knowledge and their muscles, and therefore they made their statues as if without skin, and put on as violent and often impossible action as ever did Buonarroti. Compare the Laocoön and his boys (small men rather) with the Elgin marbles; the riders on the frieze so comely in their going, so lissome; their skin slipping sweetly over their muscles; their modestly representing not of what they know, but of what they see.

In John Leech and Tenniel you see something of the same contrast; the one knows more than he needs, and shows it accordingly; the other, knowing by instinct, or

from good sense, that drawing has only to do with appearances, with things that may be seen, not with things that may be known, drew merely what he saw, but then with what an inevitable, concentrated eye and hand he did draw that! This made him so pre-eminent in reproducing the expression of action—especially intense and rapid action. No knowledge of what muscles were acting, and what are their attachments, etc., could teach a man how a horse trots, or how he gathers himself up to leap, or how a broken-backed cab-horse would lie and look, or even how *Mr. Briggs*—excellent soul—when returning home, gently, and copiously ebriose, from Epsom on his *donkey*, would sway about on his podgy legs, when instructing his amazed and ancient groom and friend as to putting up and rubbing down—the mare. But observation such as the Greeks had, that *ἀκρίβεια* or accuracy—carefulness, as they called it—it enabled Leech to do all this to the life.

All through his course, more and more, he fed upon nature and, he had his reward in having perpetually at hand her freshness, her variety, her endlessness. There is a pleasant illustration of this given in a letter in *Notes and Queries* for November 5, 1864:—"On one occasion he and I were riding to town in an omnibus, when an elderly gentleman, in a very peculiar dress, and with very marked features, stepped into the vehicle, and sat down immediately in front of us. He stared so hard and made such wry faces at us, that I could hardly refrain from laughter. My discomfiture was almost completed when Leech suddenly exclaimed, 'By the way, did Prendergast ever show you that extraordinary account which has been lately forwarded to him?' and, producing his note-book, added, 'Just run your eye up that column, and tell me what you can make of it?' The page was blank; but two minutes afterwards the features of that strange old gentleman gaping at us were reflected with life-like fidelity upon it." There is humour in the choice of the word "Prendergast." This is the true way to nurse invention, to preen and let grow imagination's wings, on which she soars forth into the ideal, "sailing with supreme dominion through the azure depths of air." It is the man who takes in who can give out. The man who does not do the one, soon takes to spinning his own fancies out of his interior, like a spider, and he snares himself at last as well as his victims. It is the bee that makes honey, and it is out of the eater that there comes forth meat, out of the strong that there comes forth sweetness. In

the letter we refer to, which is well worth reading, there is a good remark, that Leech had no mere *minutiae* as Turner had none; everything was subordinated to the main purpose he had, but he had exquisite *finesse* and delicacy when it was that he wanted. Look at his drawing of our "Jocund Morn," from the boots to the swallows. His pencil-work on wood was marvellous for freedom and loveliness.

The bent of his genius and external causes made him, when about seventeen, give up the study of medicine and go in stoutly and for life for art. His diligence was amazing, as witnessed by the list we give, by no means perfect, of his works; in *Bentley* they are in multitudes; and in *Punch* alone, up to 1862, there are more than three thousand separate drawings, with hardly the vestige of a repetition; it may be the same tune, but it is a new variation. In nothing is his realistic power more seen than in those delightful records of his own holidays in *Punch*. A geologist will tell you the exact structure of that rock in the Tay at Campsie Linn, where *Mr. Briggs* is carrying out that huge salmon in his arms, tenderly and safely, as if it were his first-born. All his seascapes — Scarborough, Folkestone, Biarritz, etc., etc. — any one who has been there does not need to be told their names, and as we have already said, his men are as native as his rocks, his bathers at Boulogne and Biarritz, his gamekeepers and gillies in Blair-Athole and Lochaber — you have seen them there, the very men; Duncan Roy is one of them; and those men and women at Galway, in the Claddich, they are liker than themselves, more Irish than the Irish. In this respect his foreigners are wonderful, one of the rarest artistic achievements. Thackeray also could draw a foreigner, — as witness that dreary woman outworker in the Kickleburys. *Mr. Frith* can't. Then as to dress; this was one of the things Leech very early mastered and knew the meaning and power of; and it is worth mastering, for in it, the dress, is much of the man, both given and received. To see this, look at almost his first large drawing in *Punch*, two months after it started, called "Foreign Affairs." Look, too, at what is still one of his richest works, with all the fervour and abundance, the very dew of his youth, — the *Comic Latin Grammar*. Look at the dress of Menelaus, who threatens to give poor Helen, his wife, "a good hiding." Look at his droll etchings and woodcuts for the otherwise tiresomely brilliant *Comic Histories*, by Gilbert A'Beckett, with their too much puns.

Leech was singularly modest, both as a man and as an artist. This came by nature and was indicative of the harmony and sweetness of his essence; but doubtless the perpetual going to nature, and drawing out of her fulness, kept him humble, as well as made him rich, made him, what every man of sense and power must be, conscious of his own strength; but before the great mother he was simple and loving, attentive to her lessons, as a child, for ever learning and doing.

This honesty and modesty were curiously brought out when he was, after much persuasion, induced to make the coloured drawings for that exhibition which was such a splendid success, bringing in nearly £5000. Nothing could induce him to do what was wanted, call them *paintings*. "They are mere sketches," he said, "and very crude sketches too, and I have no wish to be made a laughing-stock by calling them what they are not." Here was at once modesty and honest pride, or rather that truthfulness which lay at the root of his character, and was also its "bright, consummate flower;" and he went further than this, in having printed in the Catalogue the following words: — "These sketches have no claim to be regarded or tested as finished pictures. It is impossible for any one to know the fact better than I do. They have no pretensions to a higher name than that I have given them — *SKETCHES IN OIL*."

We have had, by the kindness of *Mr. John Heugh*, their possessor, the privilege of having beside us for some time two of the best of those coloured sketches, and we feel at once the candour and accuracy of their author's title. It is quite touching the unaccustomedness, the boyish, anxious, laborious workmanship of the practised hand that had done so much, so rapidly and perfectly in another style. They do not make us regret much that he did not earlier devote himself to painting proper, because then what would have become of these 3000 cuts in *Punch*? But he shows, especially, true powers of landscape painting, a pure and deep sense of distance, translucency, and colour, and the power of gleams and shadows on water. His girls are lovelier without colour — have, indeed, "to the eye and prospect of the soul," a more exquisite bloom, the bloom within the skin, the brightness in the dark eye, all more expressed than in those actually coloured. So it often is; give enough to set the looker-on a-painting, imagining, realizing, bringing up "the shows of things to the desires of the mind," and no one but the highest

painter can paint like that. This is the true office of the masters of all the ideal arts, to evoke as did the rising sun on Memnon, the sleeping beauty and music and melody of another's soul, to make every reader a poet, every onlooker an artist, every listener eloquent and tuneful, so be it that they have the seeing eye, the hearing ear, the loving and understanding heart.

As is well known, this exhibition took London captive. It was the most extraordinary record, by drawing, of the manners and customs and dress of a people, ever produced. It was full "from morn to dewy eve," and as full of mirth; at times this made it like a theatre convulsed as one man by the *vis comica* of one man. The laughter of special, often family groups, broke out opposite each drawing, spread contagiously effervescing throughout, lulling and waxing again and again like waves of the sea. From his reserve, pride, and nicety, Leech could never be got to go when any one was in the room; he had an especial horror of being what he called "caught and talked at by enthusiastic people." It is worth mentioning here, as it shows his true literary turn as a humourist, and adds greatly to the completeness of his drawings and of his genius, that all the funny, witty, and often most felicitous titles and wordings of all sorts were written by himself; he was most particular about this.

One day a sporting nobleman visited the gallery with his huntsman, whose naïve and knowing criticisms greatly amused his master. At last, coming to one of the favourite hunting pictures, he said, "Ah! my Lord, nothin' but a party as knows 'osses cud have draw'd them ere 'unters." The origin and means of these sketches in oil is curious. Mr. Leech had often been asked to undertake works of this character, but he had for so many years been accustomed to draw with the pencil, and that only on small blocks, that he had little confidence in his ability to draw on a large scale. The idea originated with Mr. Mark Lemon, his friend and colleague, who saw that by a new invention—a beautiful piece of machinery—the impression of a block in *Punch*, being first taken on a sheet of india-rubber, might be enlarged; when, by a lithographic process, the copy thus got could be transferred to the stone, and impressions printed upon a large sheet of canvas. Having thus obtained an outline groundwork consisting of his own lines enlarged some eight times the area of the original block, Leech proceeded to colour these. His knowledge of the manipulation of oil colours was very slight, and it

was under the guidance of his friend, John Everett Millais, that his first attempts were made, and crude enough they were. He used a kind of transparent colour which allowed the coarse lines of the enlargement to show through, so that the production presented the appearance of indifferent lithographs, slightly tinted. In a short time, however, he obtained great mastery over oil colour, and instead of allowing the thick fatty lines of printers' ink to remain on the canvas, he, by the use of turpentine, removed the ink, particularly with regard to the lines of the face and figure. These he redrew with his own hand in a fine and delicate manner. To this he added a delicacy of finish, particularly in flesh colour, which greatly enhanced the value and beauty of his later works. To any one acquainted with these sketches, we may mention for illustration of these remarks, No. 65 in the catalogue. This work presents all the incompleteness and crudity of his early style. The picture represents *Piscator* seated on a wooden fence on a raw morn'g in a pelting shower of rain, the lines necessary to give the effect of a leaden atmosphere being very numerous and close. The works which illustrated his later style are best shown in Nos. 36 and 41. In the framing of these sketches he persisted in leaving a margin of white canvas somewhat after the manner of water-colour sketches.

Of all art satirists none have such a pervading sense and power of girlish and ripe womanly beauty as Leech. Hogarth alone, as in his *Poor Poet's Wife*, comes near him. There is a genuine domesticity about his scenes that could come only from a man who was much at his own fireside, and in the nursery when baby was washed. You see he is himself *paterfamilias*, with no Bohemian taint or raffish turn. What he draws he has seen. What he asks you to live in and laugh at and with, he has laughed at and lived in. It is this wholesomeness, and, to use the right word, this goodness, that makes Leech more than a drawer of funny pictures, more even than a great artist.* It makes him a teacher and an example of virtue in its widest sense, from that of manliness to the sweet devotion of woman, and the loving, open mouth and eyes of *parvula* on your knee. How

* It is honourable to the regular art of this country that many of its best men early recognised in Leech a true brother. Millais and Elmore and others were his constant friends; and we know that more than twelve years ago Mr. Harvey, now the perspicacious President of the Royal Scottish Academy, wished to make Leech and Thackeray honorary members of that body.

different is the same class of art in France! you dare not let your wife or girls see their Leech; he is not for our virgins and boys. Hear what Thackeray says on this point:—

“Now, while Mr. Leech has been making his comments upon our society and manners, one of the wittiest and keenest observers has been giving a description of his own country of France, in a thousand brilliant pages, and it is a task not a little amusing and curious for a student of manners to note the difference between the two satirists—perhaps between the societies which they describe. Leech's England is a country peopled by noble elderly squires, riding large-boned horses, followed across country by lovely beings of the most gorgeous proportions, by respectful retainers, by gallant little boys emulating the courage and pluck of the sire. The Joke is the precocious courage of the child, his gallantry as he charges at his fences, his coolness as he eyes the glass of port or tells grandpapa that he likes his champagne dry. How does Gavarni represent the family-father, the sire, the old gentleman in his country, the civilized country? Paterfamilias, in a dyed wig and whiskers, is leering by the side of Mademoiselle Coralie on her sofa in the Rue de Bréda; Paterfamilias, with a mask and a nose half-a-yard long, is hobbling after her at the ball. The *enfant terrible* is making Papa and Mamma alike ridiculous by showing us Mamma's lover, who is lurking behind the screen. A thousand volumes are written protesting against the seventh commandment. The old man is for ever hunting after the young woman, the wife is for ever cheating the husband. The fun of the old comedy never seems to end in France; and we have the word of their own satirists, novelists, painters of society, that it is being played from day to day.

“In the works of that barbarian artist Hogarth, the subject which affords such playful sport to the civilized Frenchman is stigmatized as a fearful crime, and is visited by a ghastly retribution. The English savage never thinks of such a crime as funny, and a hundred years after Hogarth, our modern ‘painter of mankind,’ still retains his barbarous modesty, is tender with children, decorous before women, has never once thought that he had a right or calling to wound the modesty of either.

“Mr. Leech surveys society from the gentleman's point of view. In old days, when Mr. Jerrold lived and wrote for that celebrated periodical, he took the other side: he looked up at the rich and great with a fierce, sarcastic aspect, and a threat-

ening posture; and his outcry or challenge was—‘Ye rich and great, look out! We, the people, are as good as you. Have a care, ye priests, wallowing on the tithes pig, and rolling in carriages and four; ye landlords grinding the poor; ye vulgar fine ladies bullying innocent governesses, and what not,—we will expose your vulgarity, we will put down your oppression, we will vindicate the nobility of our common nature,’ and so forth. A great deal is to be said on the Jerrold side; a great deal was said; perhaps even a great deal too much. It is not a little curious to speculate upon the works of these two famous contributors of *Punch*, these two ‘preachers,’ as the phrase is. ‘Woe to you, you tyrant and heartless oppressor of the poor!’ calls out Jerrold as Dives's carriage rolls by. ‘Beware of the time when your bloated coachman shall be hurled from his box, when your gilded flunkey shall be cast to the earth from his perch, and your pampered horses shall run away with you and your vulgar wife, and smash you into ruin.’ The other philosopher looks at Dives and his cavalcade in his own peculiar manner. He admires the horses, and copies with the most curious felicity their form and action. The footman's calves and powder, the coachman's red face and floss wig, the over-dressed lady and plethoric gentleman in the carriage, he depicts with the happiest strokes; and if there is a pretty girl and a rosy child on the back seat, he ‘takes them up tenderly,’ and touches them with a hand that has a caress in it. This artist is very tender towards all the little people. It is hard to say whether he loves boys or girls most—those delightful little men on their ponies in the hunting fields, those charming little Lady Adas flirting at the juvenile ball; or Tom the butcher's boy, on the side; or ragged little Emly pulling the go-cart freighted with Elizarann and her doll. Steele, Fielding, Goldsmith, Dickens are similarly tender in their pictures of children. ‘We may be barbarians, Monsieur,’—but even the savages are occasionally kind to their papooses.”

When are the holidays? Mothers of families ought to come to this exhibition and bring the children. Then there are the full-grown young ladies—the very full-grown young ladies—dancing in the ball-room, or reposing by the sea shore—the men can peep at whole seraglios of these beauties for the moderate charge of one shilling, and bring away their charming likenesses in the illustrated catalogue (two-and-six). In the ‘Mermaids' Haunt,’ for example, there is a siren combing her gold-

en locks, and another dark-eyed witch actually sketching you as you look at her, whom Ulysses could not resist. To walk by the side of the much-sounding sea and come upon such a bevy of beauties as this, what bliss for a man or a painter! The mermaids in that haunt haunt the beholder for hours after. Where is the shore on which those creatures were sketched? The sly catalogue does not tell us.

"The outdoor sketcher will not fail to remark the excellent fidelity with which Mr. Leech draws the back-grounds of his little pictures. The homely landscape, the sea, the winter wood by which the huntsmen ride, the light and clouds, the birds floating overhead, are indicated by a few strokes which show the artist's untiring watchfulness and love of nature. He is a natural truth-teller, and indulges in no flights of fancy; as Hogarth was before him. He speaks his mind out quite honestly, like a thorough Briton. He loves horses, dogs, river and field sports. He loves home and children, that you can see. He holds Frenchmen in light esteem. A bloated 'Mosoo' walking Leicester Square, with a huge cigar and a little hat, with 'billiard' and 'estaminet' written on his flaccid face—is a favourite study with him; the unshaven jowl, the waist tied with a string, the boots which pad the quadrant pavement, this dingy and disreputable being exercises a fascination over Mr. Punch's favourite artist. We trace, too, in his works a prejudice against the Hebrew nation, against the natives of an island much celebrated for its verdure and its wrongs; these are lamentable prejudices indeed, but what man is without his own? No man has ever depicted the little 'Snob' with such a delightful touch. Leech fondles and dandles this creature as he does the children. To remember one or two of those dear gents is to laugh. To watch them looking at their own portraits in this pleasant gallery will be no small part of the exhibition; and as we can all go and see our neighbours caricatured here, it is just possible that our neighbours may find some smart likenesses of *their* neighbours in these brilliant, life-like, good-natured sketches in oil."—*Times*, June 21, 1862.

We could not resist giving this long extract. What perfection of thought and word! It is, alas! a draught of wine we can no more get; the vine is gone. What flavour in his "dear prisoned spirit of the impassioned grape!" What a *bouquet*! Why is not everything that hand ever wrote reproduced? shall we ever again be regaled with such ænanthic acid and ether?—the volatile essence by which a wine is itself and

none other—its flower and bloom; the reason why Chambertin is not Sherry, and Sauterne neither. Our scientific friends will remember that these same delicate acids and oils are compounds of the lightest of all bodies, hydrogen, and the brightest when concentrated in the diamond, carbon; and these in the same proportion as sugar. Moreover, this ethereal oil and acid of wine, what we may call its genius, never exceeds a forty-thousandth amount of the wine!—the elevating powers of the fragrant Burgundies are supposed to be more due to this essence than to its amount of alcohol. Thackeray, Jeremy Taylor, Charles Lamb, old Fuller, Sydney Smith, Ruskin, each have the felicity of a specific ænanthic acid and oil—a bouquet of his own; others' wines are fruity or dry or brandied, or "from the Cape," or from the gooseberry, as the case may be. For common household use commend us to the stout home-brewed from the Swift, Defoe, Cobbet, and Southey taps.

Much has been said about the annoyance which organ-grinding caused to Leech; but there were other things which also gave was him great annoyance, and amongst these his grievance against the wood-engravers.

His drawings on the polished and chalked surface of the wood-block were beautiful to look at. Great admiration has been bestowed upon the delicacy and artistic feeling shown in the wood-blocks as they appeared in *Punch*; but any one who saw these exquisite little gems as they came from his hands would scarcely recognize the same things when they appeared in print in *Punch*. When he had finished one of his blocks, he would show it to his friends and say, "Look at this, and watch for its appearance in *Punch*." Sometimes he would point to a little beauty in a landscape, and calling particular attention to it, would say that probably all his fine little touches would be "cut away," in a still more literal sense than that in which he uses the word in his address.

When, however, we come to consider the circumstances and pressure under which these blocks were almost always engraved, the wonder will be that they were so perfect. The blocks upon which he drew were composed of small squares, fastened together at the back, so that when the drawing was completed on the block, it was unscrewed and the various pieces handed over to a number of engravers, each having a square inch or two of landscape, figure, or face, as the case might be, not knowing what proportion of light and shade each piece bore to the whole.

Had these blocks been carefully and thoughtfully engraved by one hand, and then been printed by the hand instead of the steam press we might have seen some of the *finesse* and beauty which the drawing showed before it was "cut away."

There was nothing that was so great a mark of the gentleness of his nature as his steady abstinence from personality. His correspondence was large, and a perusal of it only shows how careful he must have been, to have shunned the many traps that were laid for him to make him a partisan in personal quarrels. Some of the most wonderful suggestions were forwarded to him, but he had a most keen scent for everything in the shape of personality.

We need do little more than allude to the singular purity and good taste manifested in everything he drew or wrote. We do not know any finer instance of blamelessness in art or literature, such perfect delicacy and cleanness of mind,—nothing coarse,—nothing having the slightest taint of indecency,—no *double entendre*,—no laughing at virtue,—no glorifying or glozing of vice,—nothing to make any one of his own lovely girls blush, or his own handsome face hide itself. This gentleness and thorough gentlemanliness pervades all his works. They are done by a man you would take into your family and to your heart at once. To go over his four volumes of *Pictures of Life and Character* is not only a wholesome pleasure and diversion, it is a liberal education. And then he is not the least of a soft or *goody* man, no small sentimentalism or *petite maître* work: he is a man and an Englishman to the backbone; who rode and fished as if that were his chief business, took his fences fearlessly, quietly, and mercifully, and knew how to run his salmon and land him. He was, what is better still, a public-spirited man; a keen, hearty, earnest politician, with strong convictions, a Liberal deserving the name. His political pencillings are as full of good, energetic politics as they are of strong portraiture and drawing. He is almost always on the right side,—sometimes, like his great chief, Mr. Punch, not on the popular one.

From the wonderful fidelity with which he rendered the cabmen and *gamins* of London, we might suppose he had them into his room to sit to him as studies. He never did this. He liked actions better than states. He was perpetually taking notes of all he saw; but this was the whole, and a great one. With this and with his own vivid memory and bright informing spirit he did it all. One thing we may be pardoned for alluding to,

as illustrative of his art. His wife, who was every way worthy of him, and without whom he was scarce ever seen at any place of public amusement, was very beautiful; and the appearance of those lovely English maidens we all so delight in, with their short foreheads, arch looks, and dark laughing eyes, their innocence and *esprit*, dates from about his marriage. They are all, as it were, *after* her—her sisters; and as she grew more matronly, she may still be traced in her mature comeliness and motherly charms. Much of his sketches and their dramatic point are personal experience, as in "Mr. Briggs has a Slate off his House, and the Consequences." He was not, as indeed might be expected, what is called a funny man. Such a man was Albert Smith, whose absolute levity and funniness became ponderous, serious, and dreary, the crackling of thorns under the pot. Leech had melancholy in his nature, especially in his latter years, when the strain of incessant production and work made his fine organization super-sensitive and apprehensive of coming evil. It was about a year before his death, when in the hunting-field, that he first felt that terrible breast-pang, the last agony of which, killed him, as he fell into his father's arms; while a child's party, such as he had often been inspired by, and given to us, was in the house. Probably he had by some strain, or sudden muscular exertion, injured the mechanism of his heart. We all remember the shock of his death; how every one felt bereaved,—felt poorer, felt something gone that nothing could replace,—some one that no one else could follow.

What we owe to him of wholesome, hearty mirth and pleasure, and of something better, good as they are, than either—purity, affection, pluck, humour, kindliness, good humour, good feeling, good breeding, the love of nature, of one another, of truth the joys of children, the loveliness of our homely English fields, with their sunsets and village spires, their glimpses into the pure infinite beyond—the sea and all its fulness, its waves "curling their monstrous heads and hanging them," their crisp smiles on the sunlit sands—all that variety of nature and of man which is only less infinite than its Maker; something of this, and of that mysterious quality called humour, that fragrance and flavour of the soul which God has given us to cheer our lot, to help us to "take heart and hope, and steer right onward," to have our joke, that lets us laugh at and make game of ourselves when we have little else to laugh at or play with—of that which gives us when we will the silver lining of

the cloud, and paints a rainbow on the darkened sky out of our own "troubled tears;"—something of all these has this great and simple-hearted, hard-working artist given to us and to our children, as a joy and a possession for ever. Let us be grateful to him, let us give him our best honour, affection, and regard.

Mr. Leech was tall, strongly but delicately made, graceful, long-limbed, with a grave, handsome face, a sensitive, gentle mouth, but a mouth that could be "set," deep, penetrating eyes, an open, high, and broad forehead, exquisitely modelled. He looked like his works—nimble, vigorous, and gentle; open, and yet reserved; seeing everything, saying not much; capable of heartiest mirth, but generally quiet. Once, at one of John Parry's wonderful performances, "Mrs. Roseleaf's Tea-party," when the whole house was in roars, Leech's rich laughter was heard topping them all. There are, as far as we know, only two photographs of him: one—very beautiful, like a perfect English gentleman—by Silvy, the other more robust and homely, but very good, by Caldesi. We hope there is a portrait of him by his devoted friend Millais, whose experience and thoughts of his worth as a man and as an artist one would give a good deal to have.

When Thackeray wrote the notice of his sketches in *The Times*, Leech was hugely delighted—rejoiced in it like a child, and said, "That's like putting £1000 in my pocket." With all the temptations he had to Club life, he never went to the Garrick to spend the evenings, except on the Saturdays, which he never missed. On Sunday afternoons, in summer, Thackeray and he might often be seen regaling themselves with their fellow-creatures in the Zoological Gardens, and making their own queer observations, to which, doubtless, we are indebted for our baby hippopotamus and many another four-footed joke. He never would go to houses where he knew he was asked only to be seen and trotted out. He was not a frequenter of Mrs. Leo Hunter's at homes.

We now give a few typical woodcuts.* It is impossible, from the size of our page, to give any of the larger, and often more complete and dramatic drawings. We hope ours will send everybody to the volumes themselves. There should immediately be made, so long as it is possible, a complete collection of his works, and a noble monument to industry and honest work, as well

as genius and goodness, it would be. We begin with the British Lion:—

[*The State of the Nation.—Disraeli measuring the British Lion.*]

This is from a large Cartoon, but we have only space for the British Lion's head. He is dressed as a farm-labourer. He has his hat and a big stick in his hand, and his tail innocently dragging under his smock-frock, which has the usual elaborate needle-work displayed. Disraeli, who is taking his measure for rehabilitating the creature, is about a third shorter, and we would say six times lighter.

What a leonine simpleton! What a visage! How much is in it, and how much not! Look at his shirt collar and chubby cheek! What hair! copious and rank as the son of Manoh's, each particular hair growing straight out into space, and taking its own noway particular way; his honest, simple eyes, well apart; his snub, infantile nose; his long upper lip, unreclaimed as No-man's-land, or the Libyan desert, unstubbed as "Thornaby Waaste;" his mouth closed, and down at the corner, partly from stomach in discontent (Giles is always dyspeptic), partly from contempt of the same. He is submitting to be measured and taken advantage of behind his back by his Semitic brother. He will submit to this and much more, but not to more than that. He draws his line like other people, when it occurs to him; and he keeps his line, and breaks yours if you don't look to it.

He may be kicked over, and take it mildly, smiling, it may be, as if he ought somehow to take it well, though appearances are against it. You may even knock him down, and he gets up red and flustered, and with his hands among his hair, and his eyes rounder and brighter, and his mouth more linear, his one leg a little behind the other; but if you hit him again, calling him a liar or a coward, or his old woman no better than she should be, then he means mischief, and is at it and you. For he is like Judah, a true lion's whelp. Let us be thankful he is so gentle, and can be so fierce and staunch.

[*A Horse and Rider in a high Wind.*]

Did you ever see such a wind? How it is making game of everything; how everything scuds! Look at his whiskers. Look at the tail of his descending friend's horse. Look at another's precursory "Lincoln and Benent" bowling along! Look at his horse's head—the jaded but game old mare

* Very sorry that we cannot give these woodcuts in the Living Age.

the drawing of her is exquisite; indeed, there is no end of praising his horses. They are all different, and a dealer could tell you their ages and price, possibly their pedigree.

There is a large woodcut in the *Illustrated London News* (any one who has it should frame it, and put the best plate-glass over it); it is called "Very Polite." The party on the gray, having invited some strangers to lunch, shows them the nearest way (by half a mile) to his house." The "party" is a big English squire—sixteen stone at least—with the handsome, insolent face of many of his tribe, and the nose of William the Conqueror. He has put the gray suddenly and quite close to a hurdle-fence that nobody but such a man would face, and nothing but such blood and bone could take. He is returning from a "run," and is either ashamed of his guests, and wants to tail them off, or would like to get home and tell his wife that "some beggars" are coming to lunch; or it may be merely of the nature of a sudden lark, for the escape of his own and his gray's unsatisfied "go." The gray is over it like a bird. The drawing of this horse is marvellous; it is an action that could only last a fraction of a second, and yet the artist has taken it. Observe the group in the road of the astounded "strangers." There is the big, hulking, sulky young cornet, "funking," as it is technically called; our friend Tom Noddy behind him, idiotic and ludicrous as usual, but going to go at it like a man such as he is,—the wintry elms, the big hedger at his work on his knees,—all done to the quick. But the finest bit of all is the eye of the mare. She knows well it is a short cut home; and her cheery, fearless, gentle eye is keenly fixed, not on where she is about to land—that's all right—but on the distance, probably her own stable belfry. This woodcut is very valuable, and one of the largest he ever did.

[*Two Ladies in the Country—and Two Gentlemen Coming.*]

How arch! how lovely! how maidenly in this their "sweet hour of prime," the two conspirators are! What a clever bit of composition! how workmanlike the rustic seat! how jauntily the approaching young swells are bearing down upon them, keeping time with their long legs! you know how they will be chaffing all through other in a minute; what ringing laughs!

[*"And Jocund Day stands tiptoe on the misty mountain tops."*]

And is not she a jocund *morn*? day is too old for her. She is in "the first garden of her simpleness"—in "the innocent brightness of her new-born day." How plumb she stands! How firm these dainty heels!—leaning forward just a little on the wind; her petticoat, a mere hint of its wee bit of scalloped work, done by herself doubtless; the billowy gown; the modest little *soupcçon* of the white silk stockings, anybody else would have shown none, or too much; the shadow of puffing papa approaching to help her down; the wonderful sense of air and space. The only thing we question is—Would papa's hat's shadow show the rim *across*, instead of only at the sides?

[*Bit from the Mining Districts.*]

First—W'N'T TAK' THY QUOAT OFF, THEN! OI TELL THEE OI'M AS GOOD A MON AS THEE!

Second—THEE A MON! WHOY, THOU BE'EST ONLY WALKIN' ABOUT TO SAVE THY FUNERAL EXPENSES.

This belongs to a set of drawings made when down in Staffordshire, his wife's county. They are all full of savage strength. They show how little he drew from fancy, and how much from nature, memory and invention proper, which, as does also true imagination, postulate a foundation in materials and fact. A mere Cockney—whose idea of a rough was that of a London ruffian—would have put Staffordshire clothes on the Bill Sykes he may have seen in the flesh or more likely on the stage, and that would be all: Leech gives you the essence, the clothes and the county. Look at these two fellows, brutal as their own bull-dogs, and as staunch,—having their own virtues too, in a way,—what a shoulder, what a deltoid and biceps! the upper man developed largely by generations of arm-work, the legs well enough, but not in proportion,—their education having been neglected. Contrast these men with Leech's Highlandmen in *Briggs' Salmon and Grouse Adventures*: there matters are reversed, because so are the conditions of growth. A Staffordshire torso on Rannoch or Liddesdale legs would be an ugly customer. Observe the pipe fallen round, from the mouth's action in speaking, and see how the potteries are indicated by the smoking brick cupola.

[*A fat Gentleman trying to put on a Boot.*]

This is delicious! What comic *vis*! Pluck and perspiration! bewilderment and bot-

tom! He'll be at it again, presently, give him time. This is only one of the rounds, and the boot-hooks are ready for the next. Look at the state of his back-hair, his small, determined eye! the braces burst with the stress! The affair is being done in some remote, solitary room. The hat is ready, looking at him, and so are the spurs and the other boot, standing bolt upright and impossible; but he'll do it; apoplexy and asphyxia may be imminent; but doubtless these are the very boots he won the steeplechase in. A British lion this too, not to be "done," hating that *bête* of a word "impossible" as much as Bonaparte did, and as Briggs does him. We have an obscure notion, too, that he has put the wrong foot into the boot; never mind.

The character of *Mr. Briggs*, throughout all predicaments in *Punch*, is, we think, better sustained, more real, more thoroughly respectable and comic, than even *Mr. Pickwick's*. Somehow, though the latter worthy is always very delightful and like himself when he is with us, one doesn't know what becomes of him the rest of the day; and if he was asked to *be* we fear he couldn't live through an hour, or do anything for himself. He is for the stage. *Briggs* is a man you have seen, he is a man of business, of sense and energy; a good husband and citizen, a true Briton and Christian, peppery, generous, plucky, obstinate, faithful to his spouse and bill; only he has this craze about hunting and sport in general.

[A Landscape.]

This is from the Little Tour in Ireland, in which, by the by, is one of the only two drawings he ever made of himself—at page 141; it is a back view of him, riding with very short stirrups a rakish Irish pony; he is in the Gap of Dunloe, and listening to a barefooted master of blarney. The other likeness is in a two-page Cartoon,—“*Mr. Punch's Fancy Ball*,” January, 1847. In the orchestra are the men on the *Punch* staff at the time. The first on the left is Mayhew, playing the cornet, then Percival Leigh the double bass, Gilbert A'Beckett the violin, Doyle the clarionette, Leech next playing the same—tall, handsome, and nervous—Mark Lemon, the editor, as conductor, appealing to the fell Jerrold to moderate his bitter transports on the drum. Mooning over all is Thackeray—big, vague, childlike—playing on the piccolo; and Tom Taylor earnestly pegging away at the piano. What a change from such a fancy to this sunset and moonrise on the quiet, lonely

Connemara Bay,—nothing living is seen but the great winged sea-bird flapping his way home, close to the “charmed wave.” The whole scene radiant, sacred, and still; “the gleam, the shadow, and the peace supreme.” The man who could feel this, and make us feel it, had the soul and the hand of a great painter.

[A Moral Lesson from the Nursery.]

Arthur. DO YOU KNOW, FREDDY, THAT WE ARE ONLY MADE OF DUST?

Freddy. ARE WE? THEN I'M SURE WE OUGHT TO BE VERY CAREFUL HOW WE FITCH INTO EACH OTHER SO, FOR FEAR WE MIGHT CRUMBLE EACH OTHER ALL TO PIECES.

This speaks for itself. Nobody needs to be told which is Freddy; and you see the book from which Arthur got his views of genesis and the mystery of being; and the motherly, tidy air of the beds! Freddy's right thumb in his belt; the artistic use of that mass of white beyond his head; the drawing of his right sole; the tremendous bit of theology in that “only”—do any of us know much more about it now than does Arthur?—only surely nobody would now say, according to Pet Marjory's brother, that our Arthur, as he now sits, clean and caller, all tucked up in his night-gown—made of soft cotton, thick and (doubtless, tweeled—and ready for any amount of discussion, is only “dirt.” *

* This word, in conjunction with children, brings into our mind a joke which happened to Dr. Norman McLeod, and which he tells as only he can tell his own stories. He was watching some barelegged Glasgow street children who were busied in a great mud-work in the kennel. “What's that?” said he, stooping down. “It's a kirk,” said they, never looking up. “Where's the door?” “There's the door,” points a forefinger. That answers young Fleming's account of the constitution of man. “Where's the steeple?” “There's the steeple,”—a defunct spunk, slightly off the perpendicular. “Where's the poop?” “There's the poop,” said the biggest, his finger making a hole in a special bit of clay he had been fondly rounding in his palms. “And where's the minister?” “Oh, ye see,” looking as vacant as a congregation in such circumstances should, and as the hole did when he withdrew his finger: “*Ou're run oot o' dirt*,” but jumping up, and extinguishing for the time, with his bare foot, the entire back gallery, he exclaims, “There's Airchie comin’, he's got a bit.” Airchie soon converted his dirt into a minister, who was made round, and put into his hole, the gallery repaired, and the “call” vociferous y unanimous and “sustained.” Wouldn't that jovial piece of professional “dirt” chew his cud of droll fancies as he wa'ked off, from the fall of man to the Aberdeen Aer, and the entire subject of dirt.

“Where did Adam fall?” said his kindly old minister to “Wee Pet-r” at the examination. “Last night, at the close-mooth, sir” (Adam, like his old namesake, was in the way of frequenting a certain

[*Queen of the Arena, Living Age No. 801.*]

We have said he was greater in humour than in caricature or even satire, and, like all true humourists, he had the tragic sense and power—for as is the height so is the depth, as is the mirth so is the melancholy; Loch Lomond is deepest when Ben dips into it.—Look at this. Mr. Merryman and his dead wife—there is nothing in Hogarth more tragic and more true. It is a travelling circus; its business at its height; the dying woman has just made a glorious leap through the papered hoop; the house is still ringing with the applause; she fell and was hurt cruelly, but, saying nothing, crept into this caravan room; she has been prematurely delivered, and is now dead; she had been begging her Bill to come near her, and to hear her last words; Bill has kissed her, taken her to his heart—and she is gone. Look into this bit of misery and nature; look at her thin face, white as the waning moon

“Stranded on the pallid shore of morn;” the women’s awe-stricken, pitiful looks (the great Gomersal, with his big blue-black unwhiskered cheek, his heavy moustache, his business-like, urgent thumb,—even he is being solemnized and hushed); the trunk pulled out for the poor baby’s clothes, secretly prepared at bye-hours by the poor mother; the neatly-mended tear in Mary’s frock; the coronet, the slippers, the wand with its glittering star; the nearness of the buzzing multitude; the dignity of death over the whole. We do not know who “S. H.” is, who tells, with his strong simplicity, the story of “The Queen of the Arena”—it is in the first volume of *Once a Week*—but we can say nothing less of it than that it is worthy of this woodcut; it must have been true. Here, too, as in all Leech’s works, there is a manly sweetness, an overcoming of evil by good, a gentleness that tames the anguish; you find yourself taking off your shoes, and bow as in the presence of the Supreme,—who gives, who takes away,—who restores the lost.*

forbidden tree; his was “The Lemon Tree”—it was in A*rdreen), “and he’s a’ glaur yet,” (glaur being *Scottic et Scotorum*, wet dirt.) “Ay, ay, my wee man,” said the benevolent Calvinist, patting his head, “he’s a’ glaur yet,—he’s a’ glaur yet.”

* We remember many years ago, in St. Andrews, on the fair-day in September, standing before a show, where some wonderful tumbling and music and dancing was being done. It was called by way of *The Tempest*, a ballet, and *Miranda* was pirouetting away, all glorious with her crown and rouge and tinsel. She was young, with dark, wild, rich

We end as we began, by being thankful for our gift of laughter, and for our makers of the same, for the pleasant joke, for the mirth that heals and heartens, and never wounds, that assuages and diverts. This, like all else, is a gift from the Supreme Giver—to be used as not abused—to be kept in its proper place, neither despised nor estimated and cultivated overmuch; for it has its perils as well as its pleasures, and it is not always, as in this case, on the side of truth and virtue, modesty and sense. If you wish to know from a master of the art what are the dangers of giving one’s-self too much up to the comic view of things, how it demoralizes the whole man, read what we have already earnestly commended to you, Sydney Smith’s two lectures, in which there is something quite pathetic in the earnestness with which he speaks of the snares and the degradations that mere wit, comicality, and waggyery bring upon the best of men. We end with his concluding words:—

“I have talked of the *danger* of wit and humour: I do not mean by that to enter into common-place declamation against faculties because they are dangerous;—wit is dangerous, eloquence is dangerous, a talent for observation is dangerous, every thing is dangerous that has efficacy and vigour for its characteristics; nothing is safe but mediocrity. The business is, in conducting the understanding well, to risk something; to aim at uniting things that are commonly incompatible. The meaning of an extraordinary man is, that he is *eight* men, not one man; that he has as much wit as if he had no sense, and as much sense as if he had no wit; that his conduct is as judicious as if he were the dullest of human beings, and his imagination as brilliant as if he were irretrievably ruined. But when wit is combined with sense and information; when it

eyes and hair, and shapely, tidy limbs. The Master of ceremonies, a big fellow of forty, with an honest, merry face, was urging the young lady to do her best, when suddenly I saw her start, and thought I heard a child’s cry in the midst of the rough music. She looked eagerly at the big man, who smiled, made her jump higher than ever, at the same time winking to some one within. Up came the bewitching *Ferdinand*, glorious, too, but old and ebriose; and, under cover of a fresh round of cheers from the public, *Miranda* vanished. Presently the cry stopped, and the big man smiled again, and thumped his drum more fiercely. I stepped out of the crowd, and getting to the end of the caravan, peered through a broken panel. There was our gum-flower-crowned *Miranda* sitting beside a cradle, on an old regimental drum, with her baby at her breast. Oh! how lovely, how blessed, how at peace they looked, how all in all to each other! and the fat handy-pandy patting its plump, snowy, unfalling friend; it was like Hagar and young Ishmael by themselves. I learned that the big man was her husband, and used her well in his own gruff way.

is softened by benevolence, and restrained by strong principle; when it is in the hands of a man who can use it and despise it, who can be witty and something much better than witty, who loves honour, justice, decency, good-nature, morality, and religion, ten thousand times better than wit; — wit is *then* a beautiful and delightful part of our nature. There is no more interesting spectacle than to see the effects of wit upon the different characters of men; than to observe it expanding caution, relaxing dignity, unfreezing coldness, — teaching age, and care, and pain, to smile. — extorting reluctant gleams of pleasure from melancholy,

and charming even the pangs of grief. It is pleasant to observe how it penetrates through the coldness and awkwardness of society, gradually bringing men nearer together, and, like the combined force of wine and oil, giving every man a glad heart and a shining countenance. *Genuine and innocent wit and humour like this is surely the flavour of the mind! Man could direct his ways by plain reason, and support his life by tasteless food; but God has given us wit, and flavour, and brightness, and laughter, and perfumes, to enliven the days of man's pilgrimage, and to 'charm his pained steps over the burning marle.'*"

TO MY MOTHER.

On the Twentieth Anniversary of our Separation.

FULL twenty years have passed away,
(They seem now but a single day),
Since last I saw thee, mother.
But when I started on my way,
I truly did not mean to slay
So very long a time away, —
Away from thee, dear mother.

But I was then a wayward child,
And very young and very wild;
Alas! thou know'st it, mother.
And high my passions wine did foam,
I could no longer stay at home,
I wanted through the world to roam,
Away from thee, dear mother.

I knew not then what now I know,
That through the world where'er you go,
You find no second mother;
I thought then in my foolish mind,
With wild romantic notions blind,
That everywhere I was to find
Human hearts as warm and kind
As the one I left behind, —
As *thine*, thou kindest mother.

And so I rushed into the world,
By stormy, fiery passions whirled
Away from thee, dear mother;
And on the whirlwind did I ride,
Without a goal, without a guide,
Wandering far and wandering wide,
And always farther from thy side, —
Thy side, my blessed mother.

I roamed and roamed the world around,
But what I sought I never found,
I never found it, mother.
I sought for nothing more nor less
Than an ideal happiness —
Sought Paradise in the wilderness,
And could not find it, mother.

I sought a heart, I sought a soul,
I sought a love, intense and whole, —
A deathless love, O mother!
I sought for Joy's unpoisoned wine,
I sought for Glory's stainless shine,

I sought for Wisdom's drossless mine,
Sought men and women all divine,
And never found them, mother.

And wearied by the endless race,
And sickened by the fruitless chase,
Old, cold and faint, O mother!
With breaking heart and darkened eye,
I bade my soaring hopes good-bye,
And weary both of earth and sky,
I laid me down and yearned to die, —
To die and rest, O mother.

But He whose name be ever blest,
Who loves us most and knows us best,
Took pity on me, mother;
And from his own effulgence bright
Into my soul's abyssal night,
He sent, imparting strength and sight,
A quickening ray of heavenly light
And peace — *His* peace, O mother.

And now life's stormy days are past;
My weary bark at last, at last,
Has found its haven, mother.
By wild desires no more distressed,
No passion now can heat my breast,
Save *one*, which has outlived the rest —
The earliest, deepest and the best, —
My love for thee, dear mother.

But thou hast left this vale of tears,
And winged thy way to better spheres,
Far from thy child, O mother!
The boundless gratitude I owe,
The heart-warm love I fain would show,
The tender cares I should bestow,
My thousand debts of long ago —
I cannot pay them here below,
I cannot pay thee, mother.

But thou, so gentle and so mild,
Thou wilt not spurn thy erring child,
Thou wilt forgive me, mother.
Behold, the days are running fast;
I'm with the old already classed;
Soon will the darksome vale be passed;
Then comes the hour when at last
My spirit-arms around thee cast,
I shall repay thee, mother!

EMMANUEL VITALIS SCHERB,
From Switzerland.

From the Spectator, 25th March.

MR. LINCOLN.

WE all remember the animated eulogium on General Washington which Lord Macaulay passed parenthetically in his essay on Hampden. "It was when to the sullen tyranny of Laud and Charles had succeeded the fierce conflict of sects and factions ambitious of ascendancy or burning for revenge, it was when the vices and ignorance which the old tyranny had engendered threatened the new freedom with destruction, that England missed the sobriety, the self-command, the perfect soundness of judgment, the perfect rectitude of intention to which the history of revolutions furnishes no parallel, or furnishes a parallel in Washington alone." If that high eulogium was fully earned, as it was, by the first great President of the United States, we doubt if it has not been as well earned by the Illinois peasant-proprietor and "village lawyer" whom, by some divine inspiration, or providence the Republican Caucus of 1860 substituted for Mr. Seward as their nominee for the President's chair. No doubt he has in many ways had a lighter task than Washington, for he had not at least to produce a Government out of chaos, but only to express and execute the purposes of a people far more highly organized for political life than that with which Washington had to deal. But without the advantages of Washington's education or training, Mr. Lincoln was called from a humble station at the opening of a mighty civil war to form a Government out of a party in which the habits and traditions of official life did not exist. Finding himself the object of Southern abuse so fierce and so foul that in any man less passionless it would long ago have stirred up an implacable animosity, mocked at for his official awkwardness, and denounced for his steadfast policy by all the democratic section of the loyal States, tried by years of failure before that policy achieved a single great success, further tried by a series of successes so rapid and brilliant that they would have puffed up a smaller mind and overset its balance, embarrassed by the boastfulness of his people and of his subordinates, no less than by his own inexperience in his relations with foreign States, beset by fanatics of principle on one side who would pay no attention to his obligations as a constitutional ruler, and by fanatics of caste on the other who were not only deaf to the claims of justice but would hear of no policy large enough for a revolutionary emergency, Mr. Lincoln has persevered through all without ever giving way to anger, or despondency,

or exultation, or popular arrogance, or sectarian fanaticism, or caste prejudice, visibly growing in force of character, in self-possession, and in magnanimity, till in his last short Message to Congress on the 4th of March we can detect no longer the rude and illiterate mould of a village lawyer's thought, but find it replaced by a grasp of principle, a dignity of manner, and a solemnity of purpose, which would have been unworthy neither of Hampden nor of Cromwell, while his gentleness and generosity of feeling toward his foes are almost greater than we should expect from either of them. It seems to us, we confess, a discreditable and hardly intelligible thing that the pro-Southern English journals which are exulting with such vehement delight over the squalid vulgarity of the new Vice-President's drunken inaugural — forgetting that both the squalor and the vulgarity of thought are the legacy left by the southern slaveholders to the "mean whites" of the border States, of whom Mr. Johnson, journeyman tailor of Tennessee, is the representative, — should not recognize the calm and grand impartiality displayed, even though it be by a foe, in the President's recent weighty address, — by far the noblest which any American President has yet uttered to an American Congress. Yet the fact is that its finest sentences have been deliberately distorted from their true and obvious meaning into the expression of a bloodthirsty spirit, the farthest possible from their real tenor. After confessing candidly the complicity of the North in the guilt of slavery, and the righteousness of the judgment by which North and South alike suffer its retribution, Mr. Lincoln went on to say, "Fondly do we hope, fervently do we pray, that this mighty scourge of war may speedily pass away. Yet, if God wills that it continue till all the wealth piled by the bondsman's two hundred and fifty years of unrequited toil shall be sunk, and until every drop of blood drawn with the lash shall be paid by another drawn with the sword, as was said three thousand years ago so still it must be said, that the judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether." Will it be believed that English journals have garbled this sentence by citing out of it the hypothetical clause, "Yet if it [the war] continues until the wealth piled by bondmen by 250 years' unrequited toil be sunk, and until every drop of blood drawn by the lash shall be paid with another drawn by the sword," without either the introductory or the final words, — decapitated and mutilated of its conclusion, — simply in order to prove Mr. Lincoln's bloodthirstiness? They

might almost as fairly cite from the psalm the words, "If I forget thee, O Jerusalem!" minus the clause, "let my right hand forget her cunning," to prove that the Psalmist was deliberately contemplating the renunciation of his patriotic duties and ties. But these are the critics who do not wish to understand Mr. Lincoln, who wish indeed to misunderstand him.

If any one would apprehend truly the character of Mr. Lincoln, he should compare the growth of his mind from the time of his Illinois campaign against Judge Douglas in 1859 through the period of his first Presidency to the present time. What forces itself upon any one who will do so, and compare what he finds there with what Mr. Lincoln himself called in the canvass against Mr. Douglas his "poor, lean, lank face,"—a face not rich in expression of any kind, but careworn, apparently with honest, sagacious vigilance, the kind of furrowed, somewhat weakened face we should expect in a prairie trapper or bee-hunter,—is the curiously strong habit Mr. Lincoln has of looking on political forces as he would upon the great forces of the wind or soil,—with a certain prescience of what is coming, but without the slightest wish to hasten its arrival by a day, or any desire indeed except to stand aside and watch till the moment for inevitable action is forced upon him. Even in the personal part of his political strife you can see the same spirit. The invective of his opponents affects him only as a sort of hailstorm which in the state of the political weather was to be expected and must be endured. You feel at once

"As if the man had set his face
In many a solitary place
Against the wind and open sky,"

and as if he had thus got into the habit of treating sunshine and storm, natural or political, rather as one who knows that this is part of his appointed lot, than with the personal restlessness of hope or fear. Thus in his controversy with Mr. Douglas in 1859, all his efforts are devoted to impressing on that eminent politician the wide difference between his own prescience, his own *instinct* that the American Union could not long hold out without either the Slave power encroaching on the free or the free upon the Slave, and any *wish* to precipitate that contest. Mr. Douglas would not believe that a man who thought thus did not intend aggression on slavery. Mr. Lincoln urged in effect that because an experienced shepherd predicts a thunderstorm (which he may fear

instead of desiring) he does not give his aid to the thunderstorm, nor does the prediction make him a partizan in the matter. He, for his part, was bound to say that he thought the extension of slavery must be resisted at any cost, but he was also most anxious to protect the constitutional rights given to the Slave States in the matter. He could not, he said, look on Slavery as Mr. Douglas did, as a local matter of no more importance than "the oyster laws of Virginia or the cranberry laws of Indiana." He thought the Slave laws had more of aggressiveness and natural proselytism about them than either oyster laws or cranberry laws; still that was only his own opinion as a political weather-prophet. All he insisted on was the duty of resisting the advance and growth of a force whose power he feared as malign for the whole Union. In its then dimensions he would protect and sanction it and accord it every constitutional guarantee, but he did not believe it would be content to keep within its then dimensions. He looked at it as an Arctic navigator would look on pack-ice, not as an English politician looks at the principles of the opposite party. Two years later, when so unexpectedly summoned to assume the Presidency of the United States, he reasons with the Secessionists in the same tone, appealing to the great verdict of political *experiment*, not asking them to give up slavery, but, if they had real confidence in it, to show that confidence by leaving it to its natural persuasiveness over the mind of the people, to the natural strength which it would derive from the providential care of God. "Why should there not be a patient confidence of the people? Is there any better or equal hope in the world? In our present differences is either party without faith of being in the right? If the Almighty ruler of nations, with His eternal truth and justice, be on your side of the North, or on yours of the South, that truth and that justice will surely prevail by the judgment of this great tribunal, the American people." The plea was no unreal pretence of argument. Mr. Lincoln was speaking from a faith so deep in himself, that had he been in the minority (as he was two years before) he would have accepted the test. "If this thing be not of God it will come to naught," he had said with profound sincerity in explaining his own disapprobation of slavery; and he thought his opponents might have faith enough to say it too. And for himself, though he had now accepted the post of pilot to the State, he was almost ludicrously willing to abide by his own

slow, patient, naturalistic habit of *waiting* for a solution. All he could make up his mind to do was to say, "The power confided to me will be used to hold, occupy, and possess the property and places belonging to the Government." He could do no less without treachery, for he was trustee for those places. He could do no more without precipitating action, and he would not precipitate action. He wished to see the storm burst before he was willing to decide upon his duty. It might even yet drift by if he did not do too much. "To hold, occupy, and possess," that was his only clear duty.

The war once declared by his opponents, our readers know how he treated the slavery question, — not from any doubt that slavery was the root of the whole struggle, but from a profound doubt whether he was justified in anticipating the divine moment for its extinction. He was not placed there as God's instrument to put down slavery, but as His instrument for administering the Government of the United States "on the basis of the constitution," and the question might settle itself far better than he could settle it. Slowly he was forced, bit by bit, to see that the one duty was involved in the other, and as he saw he accepted it; but even then his only fear was lest he should interfere too much in the great forces which were working out their own end. He was chosen, as men usually are, to do that which he was most fearful of doing, — not because he did not see that it was a great work, — but because he only very gradually opened his eyes to its being a work in which he, with his defined duties, had any right to meddle. And now he speaks of it in just the same spirit as a great natural process, not entrusted to him or dependent on him, of which no one can foresee the course and the exact issue. Both North and South, he says, were equally confident in the justice of their cause, and appealed to God to justify that confidence. He has not justified either of them wholly. "The prayers of both could not be answered, that of neither has been answered fully. The Almighty has His own purposes."

Mr. Lincoln presents more powerfully than any man that quality in the American mind which, though in weak men it becomes boastfulness, is not really this in root, but a strange, an almost humiliated trust in the structural power of that political Nature which, without any statesman's co-operation, is slowly building up a free nation or free nations on that great continent, with an advance as steady as that of the rivers or the tides. It is the phase of political thought

most opposite to, though it is sometimes compared with, the Caesarism that is growing up on the European side of the Atlantic.

The Emperor of the French thinks the Imperial organ of the nation almost greater than the nation, — certainly an essential part of it. It is men like Mr. Lincoln who really believe devoutly, indeed too passively, in the "logic of events," but then they think the logic of events the Word of God. The Cæsar thinks also of the logic of events, but he regards himself not as its servant but its prophet. He *makes* events when the logic would not appear complete without his aid, points the slow logic of the Almighty with epigram, fits the unrolling history with showy, rhetorical *dénouements*, cuts the knot of unravelled providences, and stills the birth-throes of revolution with the chloroform of despotism. Mr. Lincoln is a much stupider and slower sort of politician, but we doubt if any politician has ever shown less personal ambition and a larger power of trust.

Correspondence of the Boston Journal.

THE PRESIDENT'S ENTRY INTO RICHMOND.

I was standing upon the bank of the river, viewing the scene of desolation, when a boat pulled by twelve sailors came up stream. It contained President Lincoln and his son, Admiral Porter, Capt. Penrose of the army, Captain A. H. Adams of the navy, Lieut. W. W. Clemens of the signal corps. Somehow the negroes on the bank of the river ascertained that the tall man wearing a black hat was President Lincoln. There was a sudden shout. An officer who had just picked up fifty negroes to do work on the dock, found himself alone. They left work, and crowded round the President. As he approached I said to a coloured woman, —

"There is the man who made you free."

"What, massa?"

"That is President Lincoln."

"Dat President Linkum?"

"Yes."

She gazed at him a moment, clapped her hands, and jumped straight up and down, shouting "Glory, glory, glory!" till her voice was lost in the universal cheer.

There was no carriage near, so the President, leading his son, walked three-quarters of a mile up to Gen. Weitzel's headquarters — Jeff Davis's mansion. What a spectacle it was! Such a hurly-burly — such wild, indescribable ecstatic joy I never witnessed. A coloured man acted as guide. Six sailors, wearing their round blue caps and

short jackets and bagging pants, with navy carbines, was the advance guard. Then came the President and Admiral Porter, flanked by the officers accompanying him, and the correspondent of *The Journal*, then six more sailors with carbines—twenty of us all told—amid a surging mass of men, women and children, black, white, and yellow, running, shouting, dancing, swinging their caps, bonnets and handkerchiefs. The soldiers saw him and swelled the crowd, cheering in wild enthusiasm. All could see him, he was so tall, so conspicuous.

One coloured woman, standing in a doorway, as the President passed along the sidewalk, shouted, "Thank you, dear Jesus, for this! thank you, Jesus!" Another standing by her side was clapping her hands and shouting, "Bless de Lord!"

A coloured woman snatched her bonnet from her head whirled it in the air, screaming with all her might, "God bless you, Massa Linkum!"

A few white women looking out from the houses waved their handkerchief. One lady in a large and elegant building looked awhile, and then turned away her head as if it was a disgusting sight.

President Lincoln walked in silence, acknowledging the salutes of officers and soldiers and of the citizens, *black and white*! It was the man of the people among the people. It was the great deliverer, meeting the delivered. Yesterday morning the majority of the thousands who crowded the streets and hindered our advance were slaves. Now they were free, and beheld him who had given them their liberty. Gen. Shepley met the President in the street, and escorted him to Gen. Weitzel's quarters. Major Stevens, hearing that the President was on his way, suddenly summoned a detachment of the Massachusetts 4th Cavalry, and cleared the way.

After a tedious walk, the mansion of Jeff Davis was reached. The immense crowd swept round the corner of the street and packed the space in front. Gen. Weitzel received the President at the door. Cheer upon cheer went up from the excited multitude, two-thirds of whom were coloured.

The officers who had assembled were presented to the President in the reception room of the mansion.

Judge Campbell, once on the Supreme bench of the United States, who became a traitor, came in and had a brief private interview with the President in the drawing-room. Other citizens called—those who

have been for the Union through all the war.

The President then took a ride through the city, accompanied by Admiral Porter, Gens. Shepley, Weitzel, and other officers. Such is the simple narrative of this momentous event; but no written page or illuminated canvas can give the reality of the event—the enthusiastic bearing of the people—the blacks and poor whites who have suffered untold horrors during the war, their demonstrations of pleasure, the shouting, dancing, the thanksgivings to God, the mention of the name of Jesus—as if President Lincoln were next to the son of God in their affections—the jubilant cries, the countenances beaming with unspeakable joy, the tossing up of caps, the swinging of arms of a motley crowd—some in rags, some barefoot, some wearing pants of Union blue, and coats of Confederate gray, ragamuffins in dress, through the hardships of war, but yet of stately bearing—men in heart and soul—free men henceforth and forever, their bonds cut asunder in an hour—men from whose limbs the chains fell yesterday morning, men who through many weary years have prayed for deliverance—who have asked sometimes if God were dead—who, when their children were taken from them and sent to the swamps of South Carolina and the cane brakes of Louisiana, cried to God for help and cried in vain; who told their sorrows to Jesus and asked for help, but who had no helper—men who have been whipped, scourged, robbed, imprisoned, for no crime. All of these things must be kept in remembrance if we would have the picture complete.

No wonder that President Lincoln, who has a child's heart, felt his soul stirred; that the tears almost came to his eyes as he heard the thanksgivings to God and Jesus, and the blessings uttered for him from thankful hearts. They were true, earnest, and heartfelt expressions of gratitude to God. There are thousands of men in Richmond to-night who would lay down their lives for President Lincoln—their great deliverer, their best friend on earth. He came among them unheralded, without pomp or parade. He walked through the streets as if he were only a private citizen, and not the head of a mighty nation. He came not as a conqueror, not with bitterness in his heart, but with kindness. He came as a friend, to alleviate sorrow and suffering—to rebuild what has been destroyed.

CARLETON.

From Sunday at Home.

EVANGELIZATION IN THE SOUTHERN ARMY.

NOT among the least remarkable events connected with the American war is the work of evangelization among the armies in the field. The various religious bodies in the Northern States have engaged in this duty with commendable zeal and energy. The facts are generally known through the religious press, but less has been heard in this country of similar efforts made within the blockaded lines of the South. Many causes have combined to give to this work among the Southern troops an unparalleled efficiency and importance.

At first, however, the prospect was singularly unpromising. The outburst of military enthusiasm that overswept the South bore everything before its rush. Meetings were held all over the country to encourage voluntary enlistments, at which stirring addresses were delivered by politicians, lawyers, and even ministers of the gospel. In response to these appeals, and under the spell of female influence, lavished to promote martial enthusiasm, the Southern youth rushed to arms as to a field of sport. The occasion seemed to offer freedom from home restraints, and the means of excitement and adventure, and as such was eagerly embraced. The few who manifested a wish to remain at home were generally forced to take refuge in the army from the torrent of female satire. The first army brought into the field was thus composed of youths characterized by a reckless levity and thoughtlessness of danger; few men of graver years volunteered, few of established principles. But, withal, it was such an army, as respects material, as perhaps was never before assembled. Illiterate youths from the poorer classes there were many in the ranks; but by their side, as privates, were young men of wealth, talent, and social position—lawyers, doctors, college-bred youths, the sons of wealthy and aristocratic families. So high rolled the wave of excitement that no class was exempt from its influence. The entire population was borne away. Many ministers of the gospel left their charge to raise companies and regiments, in which they were frequently elected to posts of command. Clergymen were found occupying every grade, from the position of private to the rank of general. General Polk was a bishop of the Episcopal church. General Pendleton, now

chief of artillery in the army of Virginia, is a Baptist preacher; he first entered the ranks as a private. Colonel Hilliard, commander of a legion, is a Methodist preacher. These are some of the celebrities, but many of humbler name are inscribed on the army roll.

It may be supposed that the presence of such men would exert a restraining power over the minds of the soldiers. That it did so to a limited extent is probable. The clerical officers frequently, some of them habitually, preached to the soldiers on the Sunday, and were heard with attention and respect. The soldiers respected them, and honoured them none the less, as men, and Christians, for their military habit; but until the men attained the standard of enthusiasm which had inspired the officers to assume their anomalous position, a latent, unacknowledged sense of incongruity would counteract the effect of their example. But it is doubtful whether, under any circumstances, a profound moral influence could, at that time, have been exercised over the army. The bitter lessons of experience had not then been learned. War had not yet ploughed its deep, blood-drenched furrows upon the mountains and plains of the sunny land, dimmed proud eyes with weeping, nor traced its stern, ineffaceable lines upon brow and heart.

Thoughtless levity ruled the hour in camp and home. It was believed that the war would prove only a frontier brush, soon to be succeeded by peace. This misconception pervaded all classes of the community. President Davis declined to accept volunteers for the war, because it was needless to agitate the public mind by an act that would seem to magnify an inconsiderable affair into a matter of importance! Similar views influenced the authorities to reject any measures for defence that involved a large outlay.

An army composed of youths revelling in the newly-found freedom from home restraints, eager for adventure, and burning with martial enthusiasm, was not a soil favourable to the germination of religious truth. Amid the novelty of unknown scenes, and the tumult of emotions that kept the soul tossing in unrest, the voice of conscience was unheard. With many, patriotism was held to condone all faults, and to die in the conflict was to die in a holy cause. The chaplains generally breathed the same military ardour as the men, and their discourses in many instances tended rather to fan the martial spirit than to inculcate meekness, repentance, and faith.

The situation of those chaplains who had a truer sense of their proper duties was the most trying that can be imagined. The result was that many resigned, and went home, crushed beneath the difficulties of their position. Others, with the aid of frequent furloughs, struggled on, less hopeful of direct results than of diminishing the tendency to demoralization. The material of which the army was composed served to protect the men from debasing vice; but a spirit of thoughtlessness was universal, and instances of religious declension were numerous among those who were church members before the war.

The commencement of the system of army evangelization may be dated at the beginning of the second year of the war. At that time a general conscription swept into the army the entire population up to the age of thirty-five. The people awoke to the conviction that the war was assuming proportions of unparalleled magnitude. The temper of boastful levity passed away, — a feeling of depression succeeded. The fast days appointed by proclamation were observed by the entire population; and for several months daily prayer-meetings were held in all the cities of the South.

With the revival of religious feeling throughout the country, interest was awakened with regard to the religious condition of the army. Upon the spur of the occasion, every religious denomination directed all its energies to the work of evangelization. The machinery for its systematic prosecution was already in existence; it only needed to turn its energies into this new channel. A large portion of the Southern territory is missionary ground; extensive tracts are occupied by a sparse population, too poor to secure religious or educational advantages; and such districts are traversed by colporteurs, who visit the people in their homes, give religious instruction, and distribute Bibles, tracts, and religious books, preaching as opportunity offers. There are, besides, in various towns infant churches, whose pastors are chiefly sustained from missionary funds. The population, so difficult to reach in their scattered homes, were now assembled into armies; and the opportunity was deemed auspicious by the home mission organizations for effecting an extensive influence in the regular missionary work, by directing their chief efforts toward army evangelization.

The necessary funds were raised without difficulty. All were anxious for the spiritual welfare of relatives in the field; and

even worldly men, influenced by considerations of social advantage, were liberal in their donations. The system adopted combined missionary labour with colportage. The most pressing necessity was felt for tracts and Testaments. Before the war, these had been obtained from the North, and the printing establishments extemporized in the South could not furnish them in sufficient quantities. They were economically distributed, until the late Dr. Hoge was sent to England, and succeeded in obtaining an adequate supply. But mere colportage would effect little; evangelists of high energy and ability were needed. In an army composed of such elements, men were required possessing weight of character and personal influence, whose labours would impress the soldiers and strengthen the hands of the chaplains. The best talent in the ministerial ranks was sought; missionaries were taken from the home field, and appointed to this new sphere of labour; distinguished ministers were induced to engage in the work; pastors of churches in cities near the seat of operations were solicited to give a portion of their time to labours in the hospitals and camps in their vicinity. Still the number of labourers was inadequate to the wants of the field, and in many instances churches in the interior alternately sent their pastors to labour for a stated period in the camps.

Events had now prepared the minds of the soldiers for the reception of religious truth. The romance of the new life had faded, leaving only its stern realities behind. The scenes of danger and carnage through which they had passed induced sober thought. Disease had given almost all an opportunity for serious reflection. New impressions were deepened by letters from home, breathing the tone of religious feeling that was beginning generally to prevail. The ranks, moreover, were recruited by new levies fresh from the home atmosphere, and many of them men of mature years and established religious character. The power of Christian example also was beginning to make itself felt. The career of Jackson had thrown a halo round the character of the Christian soldier; and Christian officers sought to honour their profession by their example before the men.

When missionaries appeared in the camps, they were received by the officers with the most marked courtesy. Horses were placed at their disposal by the generals, who sent aides to conduct them to the divisions they wished to visit. Every facility was afforded them for prosecuting the work of their

mission, even the regular drill being omitted to allow the soldiers to attend religious services. Bishop Polk set a good example in the West, which the other commanders were prompt to follow; Pendleton, and other epauletted clergymen, led the way in the army of Virginia. The influence of the officers invested the missionary labours with a dignity in the eyes of the soldiers which added much to their outward efficiency.

The first work of the evangelists was to visit the several camps, confer with the chaplains, and, after preaching to the soldiers and distributing tracts and Testaments, organize the professing Christians in each regiment and brigade into religious associations. The chaplains thus obtained the active co-operation of many who before were scarcely known to be Christians. These met regularly for religious services.

At first the soldiers received the tracts that were offered them with real or affected indifference. But as the work advanced, and interest increased, tract distribution became one of the most pleasing departments of missionary labour. The evangelist always signalled his arrival in camp by distributing tracts to such soldiers as he met. Soon a commotion would spread as his presence became known, and soldiers would rush from all quarters, and gather eagerly around, each desirous of obtaining a tract before the supply was exhausted. The tract was never thrown away. When read it was carefully placed in the knapsack, to be perused again and again; and at every opportunity another was added to the store. Distributing tracts on his way, the evangelist sought out the chaplains. Having conferred with them respecting the spiritual condition of the men, he waited on the officer in command to make arrangements for religious services. If he were pressed by engagements, the officers were always good enough to omit military duty that the services might be held at once. The soldiers attended almost without exception, and proved attentive hearers. After the sermon, Testaments were distributed to those who had none, but the supply was always inadequate to the demand. Thus the regular chaplains were stimulated to new efforts, and their labours were no longer spiritless from unsuccess. New life was infused into the services of the Sabbath, and prayer-meetings were held on several nights during the week. Even in regiments and brigades which had no chaplain, these prayer-meetings were the means of promoting "revivals," in which hundreds were converted. The missionaries followed up the work as far as their strength would

permit, both repeatedly during the day and every night preaching to thousands of soldiers.

This revival influence has especially prevailed in the army of Virginia. The first instance occurred in the old Stonewall Jackson brigade, in which the influence of their dead leader still lived. It rapidly spread until it had leavened almost the entire army. In 1863, the revival influence was also profoundly felt in the army of the South-west. The campaign of Grant in the rear of Vicksburg interrupted a series of meetings, in which hundreds of soldiers nightly came forward to ask that prayer should be offered for them. In the army of Tennessee, the revival spirit prevailed in a more limited degree.

In all quarters the most encouraging results have followed the faithful presentation of religious truth. Many conversions have occurred, and the restraining influence of religion is now generally felt among the Southern soldiers. It is at least safe to say that the tendency to demoralization is checked. Profanity, the especial vice of camp life, whose prevalence is the measure of moral declension, has greatly diminished. There is every reason to believe that few of those who, when the war is over, shall return to their homes, will be unfitted for the duties of civil life by the license of the camp. On the contrary, many will have derived moral benefit from the hard experience they have undergone. We believe it will be found that the character of the Southern people has been elevated and purified by the fiery ordeal through which they are passing.*

From the Saturday Review.

LETTERS OF EUGENIE DE GUERIN.*

THE volume of letters arranged and published by the faithful M. Trebutien will scarcely affect in any way the estimate which people have already formed of the character and place of Eugénie de Guérin. The letters are a fainter echo of the voice of the journal. They bring out no unfamiliar trait, nor represent in any new light the characteristics which were already known to us. The gracefulness of style, so attrac-

*We are indebted for this communication to a chaplain in the Southern army.

**Lettres d'Eugénie de Guérin.* Par G. S. Trebutien, Conservateur-adjoint de la Bibliothèque de Caen. Paris: Didier & Cie. 1865.

tive even to those who think the admiration paid to the character of the writer excessive, is as prominent in the letters as in the journal. Even by a foreigner, the exquisite rhythm, the delicate turns of expression, may be appreciated with a nicety commonly reserved for melody and delicacy in his own tongue. Whatever varieties of opinion there may be as to the homage which one or two critics have paid to the memory of Eugénie de Guérin, the unrivalled purity and simplicity of her nature are beyond dispute. It is this brilliant purity which shines through her style, and lends to her words a glowing and transparent warmth. In her letters, the charm lies not so much in their merely literary power as in the unrhettorical sincerity and singlemindedness of which her style is so exact an expression. Speaking of the *Imitation*, she calls it a book which man, in whatever case, would read with good fruit. "I would recommend it to the sick, to those who are happy in the world, to those who are the prey of sombre despair; nay, Judas, if he had read it, could not have gone and hanged himself." We feel that here is no violent attempt to say something forcible, but a natural and vivid illustration of the comfort which the writer herself had found in that famous book. Even people so reserved and frigid as Englishmen are in expressing their most cordial friendship may read Eugénie de Guérin's over-flowing protestations of affection towards her friends without repugnance, or perhaps with a measure of sympathy which surprises themselves. Everybody feels instinctively that neither is her enthusiasm affected nor her utterance of it an empty trick of exaggerated language. In a letter to Mademoiselle Louise de Bayne, the most intimate of her friends, she says, "I seize, whenever I can, the delight of writing to you; mind, not whenever I wish, for that would be often, every moment, always; but we cannot pass life in enjoyments. A thousand things claim us; we have not too much time for housekeeping, walks, darning, spinning, a little reading, prayer, and now and then writing. But to love you, and to tell you that I love you, I reckon among my regular occupations." On another occasion she exclaims to Mademoiselle de Bayne—"I am never weary of thanking you for all the amitiés, endresses, amabilités raretés, nouveautés, douceurs, that your heart sends to me." The English language refuses to translate an expansiveness so elaborate. But, for all that, Eugénie de Guérin's effusion is so delicate, so free from tinsel, as to possess an irresistible attraction for the stiffest and

most reticent nature. Her letters are admirable in style, because they display the purest and most refined taste without the suspicion of even unconscious artifice. In even the best sort of correspondence, just as in books one commonly discovers at bottom a deep vein of self-consciousness, and hence the delight with which, as has been well said, we find "instead of an author a human being." Eugénie de Guérin confessed that at the bottom of every human soul there is "un peu de limon," but of few persons was this so little true as of herself. If in every soul there must be some sediment of what is evil and petty to disturb its clearness, at least in hers there was the smallest portion possible.

While the letters are as graceful in style and as full of rhythm as the journal, they are equally marked by the same peculiarities of thought and feeling. Indeed, Mademoiselle de Guérin's character was too coherent to permit any discrepancies between what she said to herself and Maurice, and what she said to her friends. If her journal reveals a woman to whom life was only one long weariness, she was scarcely less frank in disclosing her burden to nearly all with whom she corresponded. And much as one may revere the tenderness and simplicity of her nature, it is impossible to conceal that her whole theory of life, her way of looking at all the circumstances around her, was profoundly morbid and unwholesome. The enthusiastic critics who have made her name so familiar to us seem to have left this too much out of sight. In their eagerness to do justice to her graces—to what M. Sainte-Beuve, and, after him, Mr. Arnold, have called her *distinction*—they have forgotten her lack of strength and vigour, and have even represented her spirit of despairing resignation as something which our own times are much in need of. The resignation of Eugénie de Guérin was no quiet or philosophic admission that there is a great deal in life, nay that even life itself is altogether mysterious and beyond all hope of our comprehending. She does recognize this, but it is with a temper which just misses being downright rebellious because hers was one of those natures which, as Pascal says, judge of religion by the heart, as others judge it by the understanding. She does indeed escape being rebellious, but, after all, she scarcely adopts the neat cut-and-dried theory of the universe which students bring away from theological colleges. "If we had not the idea of Providence," she says in one of her letters, "we should be ready to say that the world goes all awry, but it is our-

selves rather who do not see straight; we complain, and are full of fear, as if God was not there. Let us not forget that it is He and not man who leads us, for otherwise we might well despair, and set out like Columbus in search of another world." Her instinctive piety saved her from believing that the world does really go awry, but a passage like this shows that the opposite belief had presented itself very clearly to her as a possible alternative. Her fleeting suspicion that life is a network of inextricable blunders combined with her firm persuasion that the mighty maze is "not without a plan" to make her deeply and incurably morbid. In fact, the only safe-guard for the minds who love to reflect habitually on the confusions and miseries in which man is bound is Mr. Carlyle's "Gospel of Labour." Eugénie de Guérin had no adequate outlet in this direction. She fancied she saw that everything is vanity on earth, and so she made her account soely with things beyond the earth. It is neither untrue nor irreverent to say, therefore, that her life, as far as this world goes, was melancholy and wasted. In no sense did she get the best out of it that she could and ought to have got. Her life was wasted, not because she did no practical and lasting work, not because she did not found a hospital, or preach the rights of woman, or evangelize navvies, but because she persistently viewed the world through a distorted medium.

It has been said of all mankind, *Victuri semper agimus nec vivimus unquam*. Emphatically we may say of Eugénie that she was ever expecting life, but never lived. She never made the best of her nature. "We are very busy with our household affairs; with one thing and another the day is taken up, life passes away, then will come heaven, I trust." This is the general burden of all her letters. Life is a phase to be endured, and that is all. "For the time," she writes on the occasion, "we are all pretty happy; our patient cured, friends charming, music, singing, laughter, an air of joy on every face; everything goes so well that I am in constant dread of something happening; it is wrong to trust in happiness." Her highest pleasure is "to console those who weep." In point of religious dogma, the gulf between Eugénie de Guérin and the Puritan is wide enough; but if we for a moment strip aside her tenderness, her poetic temper, and the rest, we find that her philosophy, though not her religion, is strangely identical with the philosophy of Puritanism. For instance, she does "not believe that we ought to think so much of our bodily health as to become

slaves for its sake, or that we ought to take care of the body at the expense of the soul." Not only is the body to be despised, but even reading, writing—in short, all things in which she detects herself taking pleasure—are practices to be checked or discontinued. The most rigid of Puritans could not more resolutely set his face against secular joys than Eugénie de Guérin did at certain epochs, and was inclined to do always. The latter, it is true, never abuses the world, and, so far as we can remember, does not once mention that evil abode of fallen souls which the former so delighted to contemplate. The Puritan hated cakes and ale because he feared hell. Eugénie de Guérin had no taste for them because she had ever before her eyes her own idea of heaven, and with this all other happiness seemed to jar. But both of them thought this life a mistake, and, while one became sour and malignant, the other became weary and depressed. "Winter brings me no pleasure," says Mademoiselle de Guérin at seven-and-twenty, "except the delicious warmth of the chimney-corner, and that is a pleasure that belongs to the old. What a long way from the doll to the fireplace! And I've got there already! Then will come spectacles, a stick, loss of teeth—sad New Year gifts! So, since time has ceased to bring me any pleasure, I would fain dismiss this New Year's Day as a tiresome visitor who returns too often. As you say, it is wonderful how people can feel so merry at this season. Let children be merry, if they will; they get sweetmeats, but we . . ." Here the sentence ends. The writer had got to the end of her philosophy, but feared to express it in the words of the oldest teacher of such philosophy, the Hebrew preacher who said, "Therefore I hated life, because the work that is wrought under the sun is grievous to me." And Eugénie de Guérin hated life. But the transcendental critics who insist on the beauty of her example in a Benthamite age forget that this weary kind of contempt for all that the world has to offer may breed two widely-opposed sets of practical consequences. A persuasion that all is vanity and vexation of spirit may make a person a pious and contemplative recluse, or it may cause him to echo the voice of the preacher, who "commended mirth, because a man hath no better thing under the sun than to eat and drink and to be merry." The letters of Eugénie de Guérin and the ninth chapter of Ecclesiastes may be taken respectively to represent the opposite sides of the paralyzing doctrine that "at the bottom of everything lies emptiness and nothing-

ness." A theory so violently in conflict as this with both the dictates of a healthy nature and the exigencies of actual life literally draws the sap out of the character or anybody who sincerely holds it. Every one must see that all progress and improvement would be indefinitely slackened if the philosophy of Eugénie de Guérin were as widely and as fervently admired as the transcendentalists maintain that it ought to be. If human happiness is once fully admitted to be all moonshine and nonsense, why should people take any pains to promote it? It may be said that one's philosophy of life practically makes very little difference; but when a person is held up as a type of rare virtue "whose influence the world ends by receiving and by undergoing its law," it is impossible not to see that the truly vital point is such a person's general theory of the ends of existence. In the case of Eugénie de Guérin, her theory was as morbid and as fatal to the largest kind of human excellence as any that ever was invented. After all, there is some truth in the verse that, —

Bonne ou mauvaise santé
Fait notre philosophie;

and in reading Eugénie de Guérin one is always inclined to repeat Voltaire's note on Pascal's exclamation that man is but a chimera — "*Vrai discours de malade!*"

There is another side on which Eugénie de Guérin's weakness is certainly not blamable, but which at all events disentitles her to be considered one of the most elevated types of modern character. It would be very foolish to make it a ground of serious depreciation of a woman that she never suspected that those who stray from the fold of her own religion may have a shade of right on their side. But still many women have acquired this crowning virtue, and have displayed that breadth and intellectual sense of justice which is the very salt of the human mind. We may gladly recognize the beauty and earnestness of Eugénie de Guérin's faith; but is faith the most important or valuable quality that the world at present requires? Surely the question of the truth of a belief is the most needful point to be satisfied, and, if this be so, whatever influence the memory of Eugénie de Guérin may

acquire will be thus far in the wrong direction.

Perhaps, after all, the most instructive thing to be extracted from these hundred and fifty letters is the picture they present of a thoroughly pious and devout person who yet does not think abuse of the world and denunciation of its pleasures and business the most essential part of religion. "Ah!" she exclaims to one of her correspondents, "if people only knew what religion is, they would neither be so afraid nor speak so ill of it; it is the balm of life, and yet perhaps in the world they fancy that it is made up of bitterness, of harshness, of savagery; but, believe me, nothing is so gentle, so pliant, so affectionate as a religious soul. I know some persons of this kind who would endure anything, forgive anything, love anything, who are capable of whatever is lofty and noble and generous — people who would be the admiration of the world, if the world only knew them. This I have noticed from my youngest days, and it is this which has filled me with love and veneration for the religion which produces such good and gentle creatures." She is as profoundly delighted as the *Record* would have been because she meets a geologist who "turns all his discoveries and studies to the good of the faith, and proves that science and faith, geology and Genesis, agree." But her devotion does not freeze and harden her. At the wedding of her brother, she confesses that she danced, but not at all as an English *dévote* would have confessed it. "It was absolutely necessary on such an occasion," as she charmingly apologizes, "and besides, I could not have refused without being remarked, and being left in solitary *ennui* on my bench." "I had no idea what a ball was like; after all it is a very pleasant piece of childishness." One cannot help feeling, through the letters which describe how she enjoyed Paris and all its bustle, that the one thing wanting to perfect all her sweetness and virtue was a larger sphere of practical duty, a wider outlook. Of course a shallower nature would have soon succumbed and grown stolid before the narrowness of a life like that of Eugénie de Guérin. She fretted at this narrowness, but it could not quench the overflowing tenderness and graces of her character. Still it prevented their perfect and healthy development.